

THE Methodist Magazine.

MARCH, 1893.

WHAT EGYPT CAN TEACH US.

BY THE EDITOR.

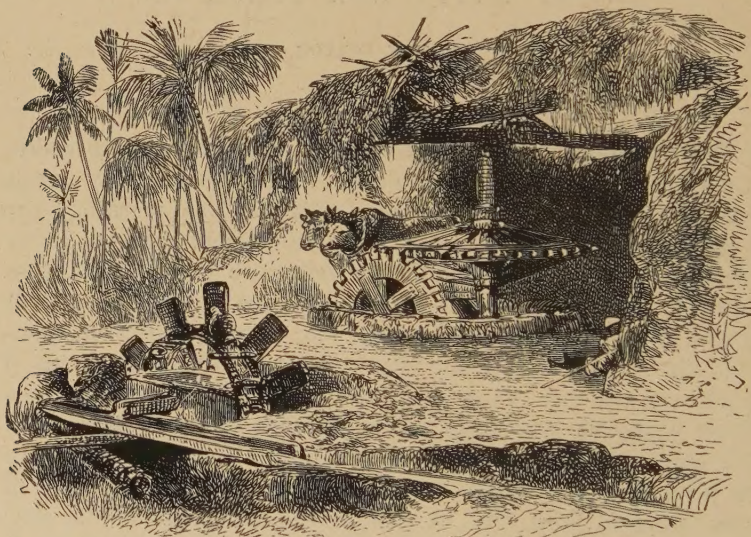
III.

THE atmospheric effects on the Nile are a never-ending source of delight. The dawn seems to come out of the sky with a rush, brightening quickly into broad daylight. The mornings are delightfully clear and cool, the air so transparent that the many grottoes and tombs in the cliffs are seen with great distinctness. Towards noon the glare is intense, shining on the yellow cliffs and on the deep green of the bean and clover fields; but overhead the blue vault of the sky reveals a fathomless depth of space. As the day wanes, the colour of the cliffs deepens to a lovely rose pink, with deep purple shadows, the river becomes a rich wine colour, or as if smitten again into blood. As it reflects the level rays of the sun, it becomes, like the apocalyptic sea of glass mingled with fire. A strange afterglow suffuses the sky, like that which I have seen in California and the high Alps. It is described as "like the temporary coming back of life to a corpse." At night, in this dry atmosphere, the stars shine like lambent lamps, Venus and Jupiter throwing bright reflections upon the waves, and the white light of the moon bathes the whole land and water scape in a wondrous sheen, and touches with silver now the feathery foliage of a palm, now the white dome and minaret of a mosque, and now transfigures into alabaster the mud hut of a fellah.

"The Nile," says Mr. Weymouth, "is emphatically the river of the dead. It is a river of tombs and temples. The miserable Arab towns and villages along its banks have no more to say to it than the fungi upon the trunk of a fallen tree have to do with its past vigour. The least imaginative traveller cannot fail to be touched by the romance of the great river. From source to mouth it is enveloped in mystery. It rises in the heart of the Dark

Continent ; it rolls down the ages, carrying but the echo of its past history, and so passes into the sea of oblivion. We know hardly anything of that wondrous civilization, but we know that it cannot be less than wonderful, by reason of the many relics it has left us to marvel over. What must have been the Thebes of Upper Egypt, when, after twenty centuries of decay, there is still so much left ? How much of London would survive that length of time ?”

As one sails up the old historic river, one is haunted with memories of its storied past. In the background loom up the august figures of its ancient dynasties. The present seems to be evanescent, the past to be the abiding and eternal.



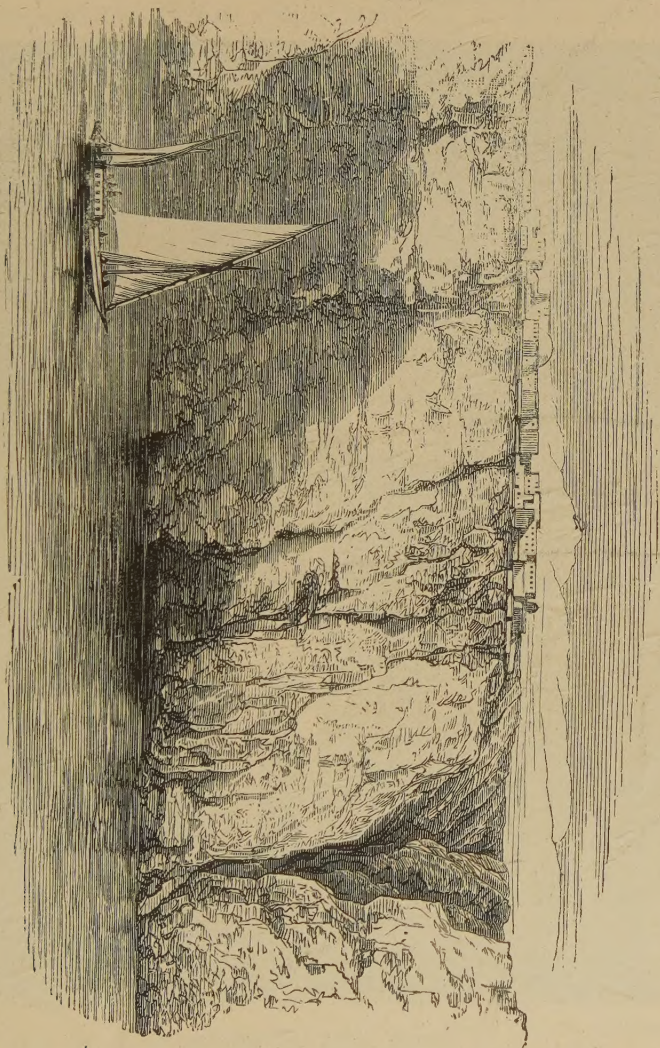
A SAKIEH.

In bird life, the Nile valley is very rich. It is, indeed, the great bird road running north and south, connecting the shores of the Mediterranean with the vast regions of Central Africa.

Our cut on page 213 shows the cliff at Bibbeh, which rises here some 200 feet, and is crowned with a Coptic village and convent. The banks for the most part, however, slope gradually back, and so facilitate the raising of water by the ubiquitous shadoof, which for a thousand miles is the most conspicuous feature on the Egyptian landscape. The river is literally lined with them in unnumbered thousands. It will be seen from our frontispiece that it is a very primitive contrivance, somewhat like an old-fashioned Canadian well-sweep, a lump of clay or stone at one end acting as counterpoise to the leather-lined basket at the

other. They occur generally in pairs, sometimes four sets, one above the other, being needed to raise the water to the fields above. At these the almost naked natives toil wearily all day long, as their ancestors have done for uncounted years.

NILE CLIFFS AT BIBBEH.



In Upper Egypt the sakieh is generally used. This is shown in our cut as a rude pair of cog-wheels drawing up an endless string of dripping earthen vessels, which pour out their fertilizing contents into a basin, whence they are led in devious channels to different parts of the parched and thirsty fields. A

permanent memory of Egypt is the creaking and groaning of these unoled sakiels, which are heard from end to end of the land, a not unpleasant accompaniment to the liquid lapse of the stream against the boat in which we lie, and lulling one gradually off to the drowsy land of dreams.



GREAT HALL AT KARNAK.

In landing to visit any of the ruined temples, one is at once besieged by a number of importunate guides, some of them quite young, and by wide-awake donkey boys, or even little girls, with pearl-white teeth and profiles like that of Cleopatra on the tombs

The handsome little beggars are most persistent. "Me donkey boy Hassan," says one bright, clever lad; "Master, master, this boy," pointing to himself, "got no fadder and no mudder; take this boy." The girls, who carry little water-jars in the villages, will pull off their brass ear jewels and bracelets, and offer them for sale, and if sent away without alms, will weep most piteously. At first I could not stand the tears of these pretty young creatures, but after a while I became quite hardened. But it did go against my feelings to see a dragoman rush after them with a whip and threaten bodily punishment. I found the best plan was to hire one to keep the others away, and this she would do most energetically. It was amusing to find a ten-year-old girl attempting to help me up the river bank, guarding me like a dragon,

and jealous as a fury if any other girl approached me. They have eyes as bright and as quick as a sparrow picking up crumbs, and are just as keen and expectant-looking for back-sheesh. On my way up the river a particularly active lad, Hassan (by the way, this seems to be the name of three-fourths of the boys on the Nile), took possession of me and reclaimed his property on my



THE SOUL REVISITING ITS BODY AND HOLDING THE EMBLEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH IN ITS CLAWS.

return trip. He was a bright and intelligent boy.

Many of these little guides have a sheaf of recommendations from former patrons of which they are justly proud. I remember one importunate little rascal at Philæ who showed me his recommendations in English and French. If he knew what they said about him, he would not have been so proud of them. They criticised his personal appearance and gave him a character which he well deserved—that of being an incorrigible young beggar—to which I very cordially subscribed, to his great satisfaction.

One is also beset by sellers of scarabs, *i.e.*, imitations of stone of the sacred beetle of the Nile, and of basalt images and other

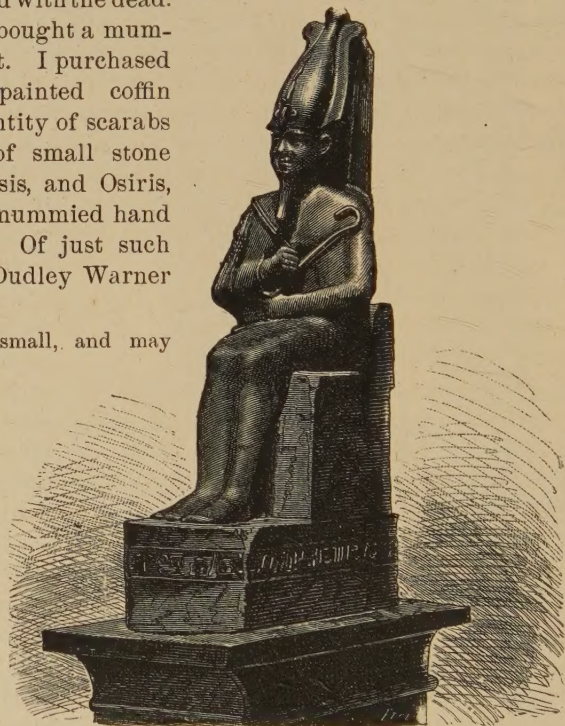
antiques. Many of these are very clever imitations, so much like the original it is almost impossible to detect them. Their authenticity is religiously vouched for as "real antee-kas."

Nor are objects of more human interest wanting. In some tombs near Philæ we saw hundreds of skulls and bones. In the rubbish without were large quantities of mummy cloths and fragments of coffins and sarcophagi, and the blue porcelain beads which were buried with the dead.

One of our party bought a mummied clinched fist. I purchased some brightly-painted coffin fragments, a quantity of scarabs and a number of small stone figures of Apis, Isis, and Osiris, and the delicate mummied hand of a young girl. Of just such a hand Charles Dudley Warner writes:

"This hand is small, and may have been a source of pride to its owner long ago; somebody else may have been fond of it, though even he—the lover—would not care to hold it long now. A pretty little hand; I suppose it has in its better days given many a caress and love-pat, and many a slap in the face. Perhaps the hand of a sweet water-bearer, like Fatmieh.

This hand, naked, supple, dimpled, henna-tipped, may have been offered for nothing once; there are wanted for it four piastres now, rings and all. A dear little hand!"



OSIRIS.

I bought a lot of brass jewellery and bracelets from the ears and arms of the village girls, and my friend Read bought a nose jewel from a not very comely fellah woman, which, after washing very carefully, he placed among his archives.

The amount of noise made by the Arabs over landing a mail-bag, or selling some "antee-kas," is astonishing. Mr. Warner states that he thought that the French Revolution was being re-enacted, but found that they were only selling some milk.

A recent traveller has described the feeling which steals upon the Nile voyager, when he turns an angle of the river and sees before him the plain of ancient Thebes—Thebes the magnificent—the “populous No” of the prophet Nahum—the great city of which Homer wrote as

“Royal Thebes,
Egyptian treasure-house of countless wealth,
Who boasts her hundred gates through each of which,
With horse and car, two hundred warriors march.”

All that is left of her lies here, here on the wreck-strewn plain.

“The palmy days of Thebes were over before the first stone of Rome was laid, before Athens was a town, or Carthage rose to eminence. Nahum thus refers to it: ‘Art thou better than populous No, that was situated on the rivers, that had the waters round about her?’ Three thousand five hundred years have elapsed since Thebes became the capital of Egypt. Carthage, Athens, Rome are modern beside it, yet their ruins are insignificant in extent. Those of Thebes are vast in number and stupendous in size.”

The picture on page 214 gives an imperfect impression of the tremendous columns of the great hall at Karnak, thirty-four feet in circumference and sixty-two feet high, covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions and incised figure-pieces. At the end of the vista is shown one of those cliff-like columns which was shattered by an earthquake B.C. 27, and which still leans like a fallen colossus against the adjoining wall. At the upper part of the picture is shown the remains of the clere-story which admitted light to the great-hall. I clambered to the top of these columns, and wandered over the tremendous lintels, wondering by what strange power these masses of stone, forty feet in length, had been raised so high in air.

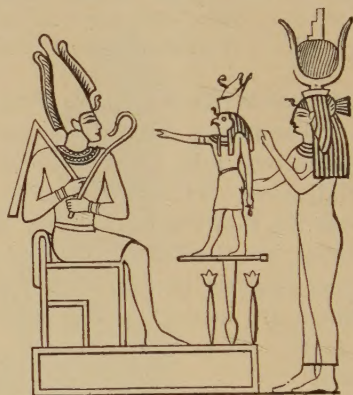
One is perpetually filled with amazement as to how these gigantic masses of stone were brought from the distant quarries of Nubia. The great statue of Rameses II., for instance, must have weighed over 1,000 tons—1,200, it is alleged—but it was brought over one hundred miles from the quarry of Assouan.

It is very remarkable that in the museum of Munich in Bavaria, is a statue of the architect of the great temple of Karnak, Bekenkhonsoo by name, who is described as skilled in art, and the first prophet of Amen. The inscription continues:

“I performed the best I could for the people of Amen, as architect of my lord. I executed the pylon ‘of Rameses II., the friend of Amen, who

listens to those who pray to him' (thus is he named), at the first gate of the temple of Amen. I placed obelisks at the same, made of granite. Their height reached to the vault of heaven. A propylon is before the same in sight of the city of Thebes, and ponds and gardens, with flourishing trees. I made two great double doors of gold. Their height reaches to heaven. I caused to be made a double pair of great masts. I set them up in the splendid court in the sight of his temple."

The external and internal walls of the temples are completely covered with sacred or historic scenes. One of the most common of these is that of the conquering King Rameses the Great, or Tothmes III., or whoever it may be—a gigantic figure holding in one hand, by their long hair, a "bundle" of conquered kings, while he has a tremendous sword in the other, and is just going to cut off their heads. Others exhibit battle scenes and terrific conflicts, with chariots and horses and footmen in inextricable confusion. In one picture, the richness of the spoil is expressed by a bag of gold under which an ass is about to fall. In another,



THE MYTHOLOGICAL TRINITY—
OSIRIS, HORUS, ISIS.



ANUBIS.

an insolent soldier plucks the beard of his helpless captive, an archer strings his bow, and a sutler suspends a wine-skin on a stake which he has driven in the ground.

Some of the ancient ruins have been built over with buildings of baked bricks of the time of the Romans, and these, so dry is the atmosphere, have been preserved, though in a ruinous condition, to the present day. One of the most impressive of the ancient structures is the palace of Rameses III., at Thebes. In an engraved picture the Pharaoh is shown attended by his daughters, some of whom present him with flowers, others wave before him fans, and another engages in a game of draughts or checkers—an amusement probably not less than four thousand years old. All around the

court of the great palace stand colossal Osiride figures with hands folded upon their breasts, and "staring straight on with a calm, eternal smile." In the centre of the great court stand, or lie, the

ruined columns of a Christian church. They have a most paltry and diminutive look among the colossal pillars of the pagan temple.

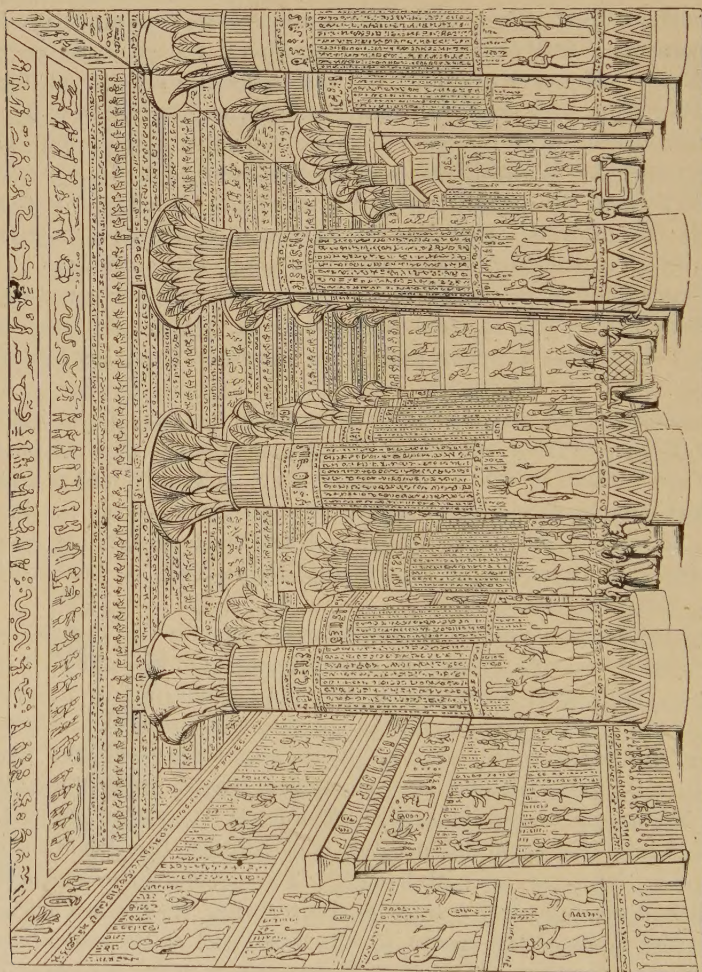
The donkey-ride across the sandy plain at Thebes, to the tombs of the kings, was exceedingly hot; the very air seemed like a breath from the desert. It was so dry, however, that it was by no means so enervating as a humid atmosphere at a much lower temperature. Still hotter was the climb up the steep slopes of the stony Libyan Hills; but the magnificent view of the far-winding Nile, with the fertile plain beneath, and the many groups of ruined temples in this vast Necropolis, well repaid the fatigue of the ascent. We took refuge from the intense heat in a grotto, which formed the entrance to an ancient tomb which had drifted nearly full of sand. Here we had our lunch and were soon beset by a lot of chattering Arabs who wanted to sell "anteekas." I shut my eyes and pretended to be asleep, but soon perceived one of them attempting to steal my sun-shade. When detected in the act there was a great guffaw of laughter from his fellow-rascals.

In sombre rock chambers, the kings and priests of the land, lords of Egypt, from the Great Sea to the bounds of Cush, and from the Libyan to the Syrian Desert, are solemnly laid to rest. Palaces, houses, markets and courts are all gone—gone, the last trace of them. Only the temple and tombs remain, rising here and there in quiet majesty from the green plain or bordering sand of the western desert.

"In 1891 a new find of mummies was discovered in the valley of the kings—over 150 priests and priestesses of the old gods of Egypt. They were accompanied by many thousands of funeral images, and a provision of food in the shape of preserved mutton, honey, and even wine. For three thousand years no eye had gazed upon these painted and varnished coffins, as brilliant in their colours as when laid away. Men drew them up with cords as when men laid them down. But how different this world from that on which they last had looked! The scene grew even more weird and strange, when late in the evening they were borne across the sands of the desert to the river and to the steamboat which was waiting for them. It seemed a new and solemn funeral, the funeral of men dead for thirty centuries."

In this dreary vale of tombs a solitude and desolation, exceedingly impressive, reign on every side. Not a blade of grass, nor a living thing can be seen; nothing but barren and splintered rocks on the right hand and on the left, reflect the heat like a reverberating furnace. It seems to have been one of the chief

occupations of their lives, of the old Pharaohs and priests, to prepare an elaborate sepulchre for their mummied remains. They are all excavated out of the solid rock, and consist of long inclined passages, with here and there halls and small chambers, penetrating in some cases eight hundred feet, and with a descent of one



PORTICO OF TEMPLE AT ESNEH.

hundred and eighty feet, into the heart of the mountain. The long corridor is generally large and lofty, and the walls frequently consist of stone cemented and covered with a smooth coat of stucco, on which are painted in colours—in many cases vivid as though applied but yesterday—the scenes from the daily life and labours of four thousand years ago. These pictures

sometimes represent the sovereign in the presence of various divinities, Hathor, Horus, Anubis, Isis, Osiris, who seem to be receiving him after death, and to whom he offers sacrifice.

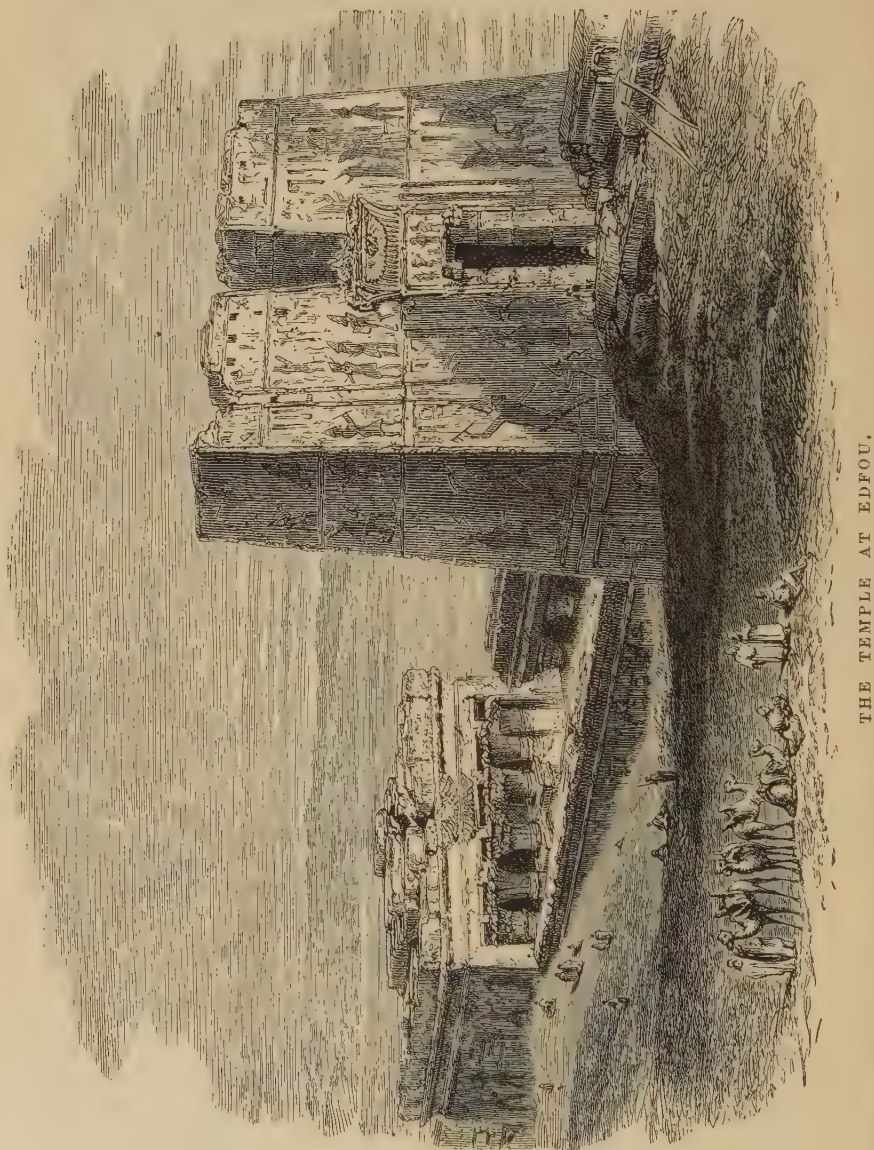
One impressive fresco represents the last judgment of the soul of the deceased, "a royal scribe," previous to his admission to the presence of Osiris. Wailing processions of women, sacred offerings and a funeral pageant occupy the first section. In another, guests are seated at a banquet, attended by servants who anoint their heads with sweet-scented ointment and present to them lotos flowers, while women dance to the sound of the Egyptian guitar in their presence. The souls of the deceased are shown as being weighed in the balance in the presence of the god, the good being translated to the regions of the blessed and the bad returning in the form of a pig to the earth.

In one chamber of the tomb of Rameses III., we have a series of kitchen scenes, or, as our dragoman expressed it, "this is the kitchenal where they make the eatings by the king." The word "by," in his vocabulary, was made to serve for almost all the prepositions in the English language. Some of the servants are shown slaughtering oxen, cutting up the joints, putting them in caldrons, pounding food in a mortar, kneading bread and cakes, and even sprinkling them with small, black seeds which are still used in Egypt. Others cook meat and pastry and lentils; others draw off, by means of syphons, liquids from vases before them. Geese, quails, hawks, fish, grapes, pomegranates and other objects are represented with such accuracy that the species has been determined. Another chamber contains arms, spears, daggers, quivers, bows, arrows, helmets, coats-of-mail and standards. Still others exhibit chairs, couches, draperies, sofas, vases, copper utensils, leopard skins, printed stuffs, baskets of grapes in graceful-shaped ewers and vases, all in admirable taste.

Other pictures show boats furnished with fourteen⁷/₁₀oars, and large enough to take on board a chariot and¹/₂pair of horses, sometimes with sail and cabin, and having masts and⁷/₁₀yards like the Nile boats of to-day. Many of the varied scenes depicted are so life-like and modern that a Cumberland squire and famous wrestler, whose attention was riveted by a series of wall-paintings, representing athletic sports, being asked if they²/₃were like the truth, exclaimed, "There isn't a grip or throw that I haven't used; and I defy the best wrestler in the north of England to do it better."

Peasants are shown sowing, ploughing, reaping, winnowing, measuring and housing the grain, and a group of oxen are seen

treading out the ears, with hieroglyphic lines which have been translated as follows :



THE TEMPLE AT EDFOU.

“Hie along, oxen ! tread the grain faster ;
The straw for yourselves, the corn for your master.”

In one fresco a drove of pigs is introduced, followed by a man with a knotted whip. They seem to be treading the grain into

the soil after an inundation. In another fresco are seen figures of apes, leopards, a giraffe, ostrich feathers, eggs, ivory, ebony, skins, and the like. Another fresco represents a great procession of Ethiopians and Asiatic chiefs bearing tribute to Tothmes III. Some of these are black in colour, some are red, others are a northern tribe, in long, white garments. All are bringing treasures of gold, silver, skins, bags of precious stones, etc. In another, the operations of cabinet-makers, carpenters, rope-makers and sculptors are shown. In some cases, the workman is forcing a charcoal fire with a pair of bellows, and is fastening a piece of wood together with glue, showing an acquaintance with skilled carpentry at a very early date. Another is a spirited representation of the chase, in which various animals of the desert are well designed. The fox, antelope, hare, gazelle, ostrich, wild-ox, ibex and hyena fly before the hounds. Impressive frescos also show the sacred boat crossing the river of the dead.

When the mummy of a Pharaoh had been placed in the deepest recesses of these tombs, the opening was sealed up and blocked with masonry, and the surrounding rock levelled so as to leave no trace of the tomb, all the labour and cost of excavating and decorating these vast chambers being for the benefit solely of the dead man when he should come to life again. Notwithstanding these precaution, these tombs had all been rifled of their contents over two thousand years ago, and some of them well-nigh three thousand years ago.

While the brilliant Egyptian sunlight penetrates to some extent to the outer chambers and corridors of these tombs, their inner recesses can be explored only by the aid of tapers or magnesium wire. The entrance is generally made with ease, but in some cases we had to scramble down narrow, winding passages like the shaft and adit of a mine.

Dr. Manning thus describes a visit to one of these tombs:

“We enter a long, tunnel-like passage, growing more and more intensely dark at every step. Our dim tapers show walls and chambers of imagery, together with gigantic pictures. It is the progress of the soul through the underworld that we are witnessing in these pictures which line the dimly-lighted walls. ‘Even the gods themselves,’ says Mariette, ‘assume strange forms. Long serpents glide hither and thither or stand erect on the walls. Well might the visitor feel a strange feeling of horror come over him did he not realize that, under all these strange representations, lies a dim apprehension of a life beyond the grave. These gigantic serpents are the guardians of the gates of heaven. The hieroglyphic texts are hymns of praise to the divinity. As we pass from rocky chamber to chamber, we follow the progress of the soul before the tribunals of the gods, till it attains its final admission into that life which a second death shall never reach.’

The rocks are honey-combed with sepulchres which run far into the mountain sides. Here the Theban Pharaohs 'lie in glory, every one in his own house' (Isaiah xiv. 18). Near them are queens, priests, and nobles,



GROTTOES OF SILSILIS.

interred with a splendour not inferior to that of the Pharaohs. One of these halls is 862 feet in length, the area of excavation occupying an acre and a quarter of ground.

“Then we saw him—a picture of easy joy—in the midst of the family circle. We saw him at the feast : guests were at his dwelling ; he welcomed them to the merry banquet ; slaves crowned them with garlands of flowers ; the wine cup passed around. Then there were harpers and musicians and players on the double pipes. Girls in long wavy hair and light clinging garments were dancing. But to all things there comes an end. We saw here also the day (how far back in the depth of time !) when those pleasant feasts were all over—the lilies dead, the music hushed, the last of this man’s harvest stored, the last trip enjoyed by boat or chariot. Here he was lying under the hands of the embalmers. And next we saw him in mummy form on the bier, in the consecrated boat which was to carry him over the dark river and land him at the gates of the heavenly abode, where the Genii of the dead and Osiris were awaiting him to try his deeds, and pronounce his sentence for eternal good or ill.”*

There is evidence that the Egyptians of four thousand years ago were not atheists or agnostics, that they distinctly recognized the facts of a judgment to come, the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body.

“In one chapter of the books of the dead we see a picture, the spirit hovering over the corpse in the form of a hawk, with human head and hands, and grasping the symbol of life and stability. The spirit encounters innumerable perils from the monsters which lie in wait, to avenge upon it any crimes of which it has been guilty during life. Then it enters the judgment hall of Osiris. Here are seen the forty-two judges of the dead. Some are human, others have the heads of the crocodile, hawk, lion, ape, etc. Before them kneels the dead man repeating the confession : ‘I have defrauded no man : I have not prevaricated at the seat of justice : I have not defiled my conscience : I have not made men to weep : I have not committed forgery : I have not falsified weights or measures : I have not pierced the banks of the Nile, nor separated for myself a channel of its waters : I have not been gluttonous : I have not been drunken : I have not let envy gnaw my heart : I have given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked.’

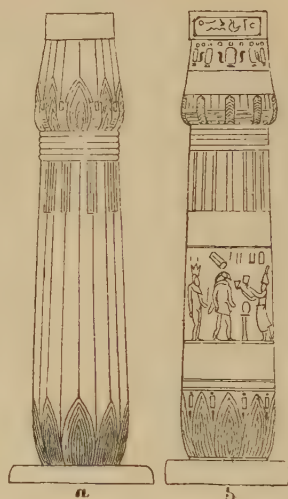
“The heart is placed in one scale of the balance of justice, the symbols of truth and justice in another. Horus, the hawk-headed son of Osiris, and Anubus watches the scale in which the heart is placed and closely observes the index of the balance. Osiris, the supreme judge of the fearful assize, seated on a shrine, holds a whip and a crook-headed sceptre, symbolizing justice and law. The sentence pronounced was full of joy to the good, and of woe to the wicked. The righteous who were able to pass the ordeal were admitted to the habitations of blessedness, where they rested from their labours. They also bathed in the pure river of life which flowed past their habitations. Over them is inscribed : ‘They have found favour in the eyes of the great God, they inhabit the mansions of glory, where they enjoy the life of heaven ; the bodies which they have abandoned shall repose in their tombs while they rejoice in the presence of the supreme God.’ The doctrine of a future state, of rewards and punishments, was

* *Leisure Hour*, May, 1867.

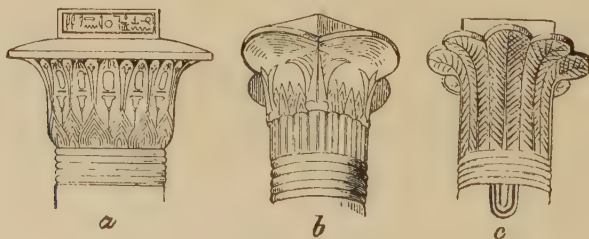
fully developed at the time when Moses 'was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.' It must have been known to him. Was it a distorted tradition of some primeval revelation made to man; or, was it but a part of that illumination which 'enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world?' " *

The worship of the Egyptians brought small comfort or consolation to the great mass of the people. These esoteric doctrines were concealed by the priests beneath myth and symbol, their sacred rites were hidden in the secret chambers of their gods, from which all but the favoured few were shut out. In all their temples, from the glowing light of day one enters a dim crypt, with successive chambers smaller and darker, where, in the inmost shrine, the holy of holies, the mysteries of the deity are concealed.

One of these structures is well shown in cut on page 220, an illustration of the temple of Esneh, which we visited at dead of night. It has been completely buried by the drifting sands, and only the upper part of its external columns have been excavated in modern times. We must go down a long flight of steps to the noble hall, shown in our engraving. The sculptures are still as sharp and the colours as bright as in the days when they were hewn and painted in a century so long ago.



PAPYRUS COLUMNS.

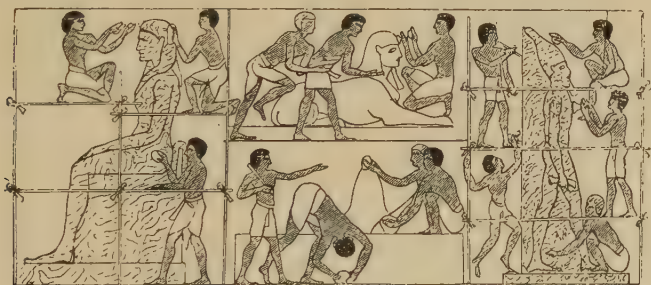


CALYX CAPITALS.

I have already spoken of our visit to Edfou, about thirty miles above Esneh, and therefore will but briefly refer to the subject. For miles before we reach it, its mighty pylon may be seen rising like a cliff above the level sands, and it is but a short donkey-ride to the temple. It is the most perfectly preserved ancient

* Abridged from Dr. Manning's "Land of the Pharaohs."

structure in Egypt, the pylon being complete, all but its upper cornice. Strangely impressive is the huge figure of the conquering Pharaoh, with lifted hand triumphing over his enemy, which for long centuries has frowned from its grim façade. Till recently the whole structure, except the pylon, was hidden beneath the Arab village which was built over it. It is of much later date than those of Karnak and Thebes, belonging to the period of the Ptolemies. We descended a stone stairway, passed through the huge gate, shown in our cut, and entered the open hall of columns whose very pavement is admirably preserved. The inner court, with its clustering shafts to the left of the picture, is in structure akin to that of the temple at Esneh. We climbed stone steps to the summit of the pylon and looked down upon the squalid, mud-built, Arab village at our feet, and over the fertile fields of beans and barley traced the far-wandering Nile and the distant Libyan hills.



EGYPTIAN SCULPTORS AT WORK.

A loud outcry was heard in the village, and soon a tumultuous procession of women, weeping and wailing, passed through its narrow streets. It was a repetition of that ancient tragedy, older than the pyramids, old as humanity, yet even new, the solemn mystery of death.

The exclusion of the people from the rites of worship is shown by the high wall which completely surrounds the temple, leaving a narrow corridor all round. Both sides of this is covered with sculptures, exhibiting the gods, not in the grim austerity of the earlier temples but as engaged in hunting and games.

“One corridor,” says Dr. Manning, “is mainly devoted to harpooning the hippopotamus, and, with the irresistible tendency of the Egyptians to caricature, many of the incidents are very droll. In several cases the clumsy harpooner has struck his weapon into one of the attendants, instead of the animal at which it was aimed. Doubtless there was a mythological meaning in the sculptures—the hippopotamus being a symbol of Typhon,

the evil principle. But the realism and the fun of the scene are strangely out of keeping with the conventional and reverential tone of earlier art."

"At Denderah and Esneh," says Mr. Weymouth, "the visitor, standing in the depths of the portico, feels himself oppressed by the weight of stone about him, by the denseness of the shadows, by the unwinking stare of the grim figures about him—likenesses of Hathor. The numberless figures, and carving, and hieroglyphics, pressing on one another in unceasing procession, leave not one pillar, or wall, or roof undecked. The eye grows weary gazing down the vista of stone pillars only to light on stone walls, showing everywhere, even on the ceiling high overhead, carved in the stone the triads of divinities and the sacrificing king. On the walls of the inner sanctuary is depicted the sacred boat, carried in procession by priests clad in leper skins. It is impossible not to recall the ark of the Israelites, which was kept in the holy of holies and carried in procession by priests."

The exterior walls of the temple lean slightly inward, as the walls of old Egyptian buildings generally do, and this gives them an air of prodigious strength and solidity.

The grottoes of Silsilis are the remains of the great quarry from which the stone for these structures of Thebes was hewn. They are of great extent and are thus described by Eliot Warburton:

"Hollowed out of the rocks are squares as large as that of St. James, streets as large as Pall Mall, and lanes and alleys without number; in short, you have all the negative features of a town, if I may so speak, *i.e.*, if a town be considered as a *cameo*, these quarries are a vast *intaglio*. The tool marks of the masons are still distinctly visible. As at the quarries of Assouan, wooden wedges were inserted into the rock and then moistened with water, which caused the wedges to swell and thus detached the mass of stone required. Remembering the stir and bustle of which these quarries were once the scene, their present solitude and silence are most impressive. Facing the river are a number of small grottoes or chapels, apparently for the use of quarrymen, and these, with the buttresses of stone carved into the form of columns, have a very picturesque appearance, giving the impression of a vast city hewn out of the living rock."

The special characteristic of Egyptian architecture is the stout, massive columns by which the heavy roof is supported. The earlier columns seem to have been made to imitate the clustered stalks of the papyrus plant, as if surrounded near the top with a band, sometimes decorated with bright figures in pigments, as are also the other ornamental features. Frequently palm leaves were introduced with fine decorative effect, as at Denderah and Esneh, on page 220. In some of the columns of the latest date, sculptured heads were introduced, as at Philæ, generally that of the mild-faced Hathor, or Isis, the moon goddess; above these are placed miniature façades. In some structures calyx capitals were introduced, as in *a*, *b*, *c*, on page 226. In the Osiride pillars, the figure of the god, with crook and scourge in his hand, stands

quite detached from the column, as represented in process of erection in cut on page 227. This cut illustrates also the method whereby the ancient Egyptian sculptors carved the huge figures of their sphinxes and colossi.



EGYPTIAN SINGERS IN TEMPLE.

The picture on this page is designed to reproduce a scene in that strange temple worship. Above are seen the grave, austere faces of the carven gods and the painted figures of the frieze. In the foreground is an erect priestess, chanting her song in honour of the deity, while a choir of musicians play the double-mouthed flute and harp. On the ground lies the clanging sistrum.

NARRATIVE OF THE PEARY EXPEDITION.*



IN THE CROW'S NEST.

It is a strange and striking coincidence that the year which marks the fourth centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus should also yield up the secret of the northernmost boundary of Greenland. In the early history of American discovery, Greenland and Massachusetts are closely linked. The former was made known by the Norse sailor Red Eric, while the latter was first visited—nearly nine hundred years ago—by his son, Lief the Lucky. Since that date, however, the histories of the two continents have pursued widely different courses.

While America has been settled with a teeming civilization, Greenland has resisted the blandishments of the hardest explorer. Its interior, covered by an eternal ice-cap, is still almost entirely unknown, while a few months ago its coast line could not be indicated without a very considerable break. Toilsome voyages ranging over centuries had gradually disclosed the thousand creeks and bays, capes and islands of the southern and western coast, until, in 1884, the highest northern point was reached by the Greely expedition at Lockwood Island, under the eighty-third parallel. The eastern coast, protected by the dangerous masses of floe ice

* We have pleasure in abridging from *The Graphic*, London, and from *Scribner's Magazine*, an account of the intensely interesting Peary expedition to Greenland.—Ed.

drifting down on the polar current, offered greater difficulties to the explorer, and no more northerly point on that side had been recorded than under the seventy-ninth parallel, and that observation dates back over two hundred years. The great Greenland secret rested between these two points. Did they indicate the extremities of a vertical coast line, or did the land project still further north into the mysterious Arctic Ocean? Petermann had hazarded the theory that the continent extended right across the pole, but the observations of the officers of the Nares and Greely expeditions tended to show that this hypothesis was exceedingly improbable. To ascertain which of these theories was correct was the problem which Lieutenant Peary set himself to solve. In either case success meant an important addition to geographical knowledge. Either the littoral limits of Greenland would be ascertained or the pole itself would at length be reached.

How was it to be done? After the trials and hardships of the Greely expedition, another sea journey was not to be thought of. Lieutenant Peary resolved to try the land route. In 1870 and 1883, Nordenskiöld had made highly encouraging excursions on the inland ice, and in 1886 Mr. Peary himself had penetrated the ghostly silence of the interior to a distance of a hundred miles from the coast. This expedition, which he modestly spoke of at the time as a recon-

naissance, was really one of the most noteworthy that has been recorded in connection with the exploration of Greenland. It proved that inside the margin of broken and fissure ice, which had formerly deterred all landward explorers, there was an extensive tract of smooth and level snow, rising gently toward the interior.

This discovery encouraged Nansen to undertake his famous journey across Southern Greenland in 1889, an enterprise which fully confirmed Peary's previous observations. It was evident that, if anything was to be done, it could only be by land. It is true that Nansen had declared that "all expeditions from the west side were practically certain never to get across," but this assertion had not been supported by any adequate reasoning. If travelling



LIEUTENANT PEARY.

on the inland ice was practicable, why should it not be just as easy from west to east as from east to west? Having thought out the whole scheme, Lieutenant Peary submitted it to the Philadelphia Academy of Science, and was successful in enlisting their support for his enterprise. Preparations were at once made for the organization of an expedition. A steamer, named the *Kite*, one of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, commanded by Captain Pike, an experienced ice navigator, was chartered, and on June 6th, 1891, the party set out. Lieutenant Peary was accompanied by his wife, a young and accomplished lady, to whom he had only recently been married. Mrs. Peary had resolved to share the hardships and dangers of the undertaking with her husband, and she now enjoys the honour of being the first lady who has

taken part in a polar expedition, if not the first white woman who has set eyes on the Arctic latitudes in which her husband established his base of operations.



MRS. PEARY.

The point selected for landing on the Greenland coast was McCormick Bay, a little north of Whale Sound. This place is 77°43' deg. N. lat., and about a hundred miles south of the great Humboldt Glacier discovered by Kane. Before it was reached, however, the leader of the expedition met with a serious accident. While standing at the back of the

wheelhouse, a large cake of ice struck the middle of the vessel with great force, whirled over the iron tiller, and jammed Mr. Peary's leg between it and the wheelhouse, breaking the bones about six inches above the ankle. This accident threatened to bring operations to an abrupt close, but Lieutenant Peary resolved to persevere, and, as soon as a tent was erected, he was carried on shore and laid on a bed, whence he directed the work.

The *Kite* left McCormick Bay on July 30th, not intending to return, Mr. Peary's plan having then been to reach home after his return from the north by making for one of the Danish settlements south of Melville Bay, and thence embarking in a whaling or trading vessel. From this hazardous part of the enterprise he was saved, as we shall presently see, by the dispatch of a relief

expedition in the *Kite*, which landed the whole party at St. John's, Newfoundland.

The first care of the party was to erect a wooden house for winter quarters. This was soon completed, and was inclosed by a stone and turf wall to protect it against the wind and frost. "Red Cliff" was the name given to this northern suburban villa. As soon as Mr. Peary was able to walk about on crutches, a boat party was sent to Northumberland Islands to visit the natives. At the end of a week it returned with a supply of birds, an Eskimo hunter with his family and tent, and a Karuk dog sledge. Later on more natives and dog sledges arrived and settled round "Red Cliff." Mrs. Peary says of these new acquaintances:

"They were bright, merry, willing creatures, anxious to please. They enjoyed our coffee and biscuit, but cared little for sweets. The women were especially interesting to me, and many hours were spent in watching them at their work."

The time of waiting does not seem to have hung heavily on the hands of the party. Mrs. Peary, indeed, gives quite a bright account of her adventures at this period:

"The winter, although we had a hundred days of darkness, with temperature ranging from 30 to 50 degrees below zero, passed pleasantly. Every day we took long walks on snow-shoes, and often I indulged in a sledge ride, drawn by one Newfoundland and one Eskimo dog, and yet cannot boast of a single frost-bite. Then began our series of boat trips, all of which were enjoyed. We saw the first herd of deer on September 4th, and got three at the head of McCormick Bay, where we went to start the party to place a dépôt on Humboldt Glacier. This party, consisting of Astrup, Gibson, and Verhoeff, were baffled by storms, and returned in four days. Astrup and Gibson started again on September 22nd, and made about thirty miles, but were forced back on account of deep, soft snow. During one of our hunting trips we had a narrow escape from drowning, by having our boat crushed by a herd of angry walruses, many of them wounded by us; but we killed seven, and escaped without a scratch."

In the middle of April, daylight was pretty constant, and Mr. Peary took his wife on a tour of Whale Sound and Inglefield Gulf, prior to leaving for the main journey. They travelled on a sledge drawn by thirteen Eskimo dogs, having with them a native driver. They slept on the snow without any shelter, after pulling themselves into deerskin bags fastened lightly round the neck. They often made forty miles in a single march. Mrs. Peary says: "It was a fine sight to see these thirteen beauties, with heads up and tails waving over their backs, dashing over the ice." They travelled, in all, 250 miles in seven days, and once spent a night in one of the snow igloos of the natives. On

this trip Mr. Peary discovered and named twelve large glaciers along the shores of the gulf; also Mounts Daly, Putnam, and Adams, and the sculptured cliffs of Karnack.

On May 3rd, Mr. Peary, accompanied by Mr. Astrup, took leave of his devoted and heroic wife whom he left in care of a small but faithful body-guard, and started for his long journey northward. They were attended by their friends as far as Humboldt Glacier, but from that point they proceeded alone, except that they were accompanied by fourteen dogs drawing a sledge containing their provisions. The journey seems to have been strangely uneventful. The route originally laid out by Lieutenant Peary, passing the Humboldt Glacier and Petermann's Peak, and Sherard Osborne and Edward Glaciers, was adhered to as closely as cir-



THE BARKENTINE WHALER "KITE" WHICH CARRIED THE
PEARY EXPEDITION.

cumstances would permit. For about a fortnight they were harassed by storms and fog, and had to proceed cautiously for fear of crevasses and ice slopes; but after this they experienced no difficulty. During their traverse of nearly three months over this most inhospitable region of the earth, no mishap of any kind occurred to them. With pemmican, pea-soup, beans, and biscuit as their sole provisions, and with no tent to harbour them from the wind, they knew not an hour of illness or even dulness. Most of the journey was made over an unbroken expanse of ice and snow, which, rising in gentle sweeps and undulations, attained an elevation of 7,000 or 8,000 feet. From fifteen to twenty miles were traversed daily, and an average of nearly thirty miles during the last ten days of the journey.

The first indication of a successful issue to the expedition appeared on June 26th, when, under the eighty-second parallel, the land limit which hitherto they had been keeping in view in the north-west suddenly confronted them to the north and north-east. Proceeding still farther, they found the limit edging gradually eastward until it deflected decidedly to the south-east. The problem was evidently solved at last, and the northern limits of Greenland determined. For four days the travellers marched toward the south-east—in the direction of that break in the coast line which all maps of the country have hitherto indicated as one of the insoluble mysteries of geography—and then, seeing an opening in the mountains, they made direct for it. Three days' further travel overland and they came upon the object of their search—the sea. A great bay opening east and north-east in latitude 81 deg. 37 min., and longitude 34 deg., displayed itself to their gratified eyes. The date was July 4th, and in honour of the national festival of his country, Mr. Peary named his great discovery Independence Bay. He then turned his steps homeward.

Meanwhile the *Kite* had been berthed at St. John's, and the Philadelphia Academy of Science had been considering very seriously whether the explorer should be allowed to return home—if he was ever destined to return—by the dangerous route upon which he had resolved. They determined that it should not be, and the *Kite* was once more chartered to proceed to McCormick Bay, to take up the travellers, and bring them home. The relief expedition was headed by Professor Angelo Heilprin, a capable scientist who had accompanied Peary on his previous expedition. The remainder of the story must be told in Mrs. Peary's words:

“Although the angakoks of the tribe had told me that they had been informed during their seance that Peary would never return, at five o'clock on the morning of July 24th I heard a peculiar noise outside of my tent, and on calling out in Eskimo, ‘Who is there?’ was answered that a ship had come, and a black head was thrust into the tent and a bundle of letters handed me.

“The *Kite* had come, and my mail had been sent me. The following day I was visited by Professor Heilprin, and on the day following I returned to Red Cliff. On August 4th, I again went to the head of the bay, this time on the *Kite*, and on August 5th Professor Heilprin and a party left to make a reconnaissance of the inland ice.”

We give here the graphic account by Professor Angelo Heilprin, leader of the expedition for the relief of Lieutenant Peary, from the January number of *Scribner's Magazine*:

“Anticipating a probable return of Mr. Peary toward the close of the

first week in August, the *Kite*, with Mrs. Peary and Matthew Henson added to my party, steamed on the 4th to the head of the bay, and there dropped anchor. On the following day a reconnaissance of the inland ice, with a view of locating signal posts to the returning explorers, was made by the members of the expedition. A tedious march over boggy and bowldery talus brought us to the base of the cliffs, at an elevation of 350 to 400 feet, where the true ascent was to begin. The line of march is up a precipitous water-channel, everywhere encompassed by bowlders, on which, despite its steepness, progress is rapid. At an elevation slightly exceeding 1,800 feet we reach the first tongue of the ice. The ice-cap swells up higher and higher in gentle rolls ahead of us, and with every advance to a colder zone it would seem that the walking, or rather wading, becomes more and more difficult. The hard crust of winter had completely disappeared, and not even the comparatively cool sun of midnight was



INTERIOR OF MR. AND MRS. PEARY'S ROOM AT
REDCLIFF HOUSE.

sufficient to bring about a degree of compactness adequate to sustain the weight of the human body. At times almost every step buried the members of the party up to the knee or waist, and occasionally even a plunge to the armpits was indulged in by the less fortunate, to whom perhaps a superfluity of avoirdupois was now for the first time brought home as a lesson of regret. We have attained an elevation of 2,200 feet; at 4 p.m. the barometer registers 2,800 feet. The landscape of McCormick Bay has faded entirely out of sight; ahead of us is the grand and melancholy snow waste of the interior of Greenland. No grander representation of nature's quiet mood could be had than this picture of the endless sea of ice—a picture of lonely desolation not matched in any other part of the earth's surface. A series of gentle rises carries the eye far into the interior, until in the dim distance, possibly three-quarters of a mile or a full mile above sea-level, it no longer distinguishes between the chalky sky and the

gray-white mantle which locks in with it. No lofty mountain-peak rises out of the general surface, and but few deep valleys or gorges bight into it ; but roll follows roll in gentle sequence, and in such a way as to annihilate all conceptions of space and distance. This is the aspect of the great 'ice-blink.' It is not the picture of a wild and tempestuous nature, forbidding in all its details, but of a peaceful and long-continued slumber.

"At 5.45 p.m., when we took a first luncheon, the thermometer registered 42° F.; the atmosphere was quiet and clear as a bell. Shortly after nine o'clock we had reached an elevation of 3,300 feet, and there, at a distance of about eight miles from the border of the ice-cap, we planted our first staff—a lash of two poles, rising about twelve feet and surmounted by cross-pieces and a red handkerchief.

"A position for a second staff was selected on an ice-dome about two and a half miles from the present one, probably a few hundred feet higher, and commanding a seemingly uninterrupted view to all points of the compass. Mr. Bryant, in command of an advanced section, was entrusted with the placing of the second staff, while the remaining members of the party were to effect a slow retreat, and await on dry ground the return of the entire expedition. Scarcely had the separation been arranged before a shout burst upon the approaching midnight hour which made everybody's heart throb to its fullest. Far off to the north-eastward, over precisely the spot that had been selected for the placing of the second staff, Entrikin's clear vision had detected a black speck that was foreign to the Greenland ice. There was no need to conjecture what it meant: 'It is a man; it is moving,' broke out simultaneously from several lips, and it was immediately realized that the explorers of whom we were in quest were returning victoriously homeward. An instant later a second speck joined the first, and then a long black object, easily resolved by my field-glass into a sledge with dogs in harness, completed the strange vision of life upon the Greenland ice. Cheers and hurrahs followed in rapid succession—the first that had ever been given in a solitude whose silence, before that memorable summer, had never been broken by the voice of man.

"Like a veritable giant, clad in a suit of deer and dog skin, and gracefully poised on Canadian snow-shoes, the conqueror from the far north plunged down the mountain slope. Behind him followed his faithful companion, young Astrup, barely more than a lad, yet a tower of strength and endurance; he was true to the traditions of his race and of his earlier conquests in the use of the Norwegian snow-skate or 'ski.' With him were the five surviving Eskimo dogs, seemingly as healthy and powerful as on the day of their departure.

"In less than an hour after Lieutenant Peary was first sighted, and still before the passage of the midnight hour of that memorable August 5th, culminated that incident on the inland ice which was the event of a lifetime. Words cannot describe the sensations of the moment which bore the joy of the first salutation. Mr. Peary extended a warm welcome to each member of my party, and received in return hearty congratulations upon the successful termination of his journey. Neither of the travellers looked the worse for their three months' toil in the interior, and both, with characteristic modesty, disclaimed having overcome more than ordinary hardships. Fatigue seemed to be entirely out of the ques

tion, and both Mr. Peary and Mr. Astrup bore the appearance of being as fresh and vigorous as though they had but just entered upon their great journey.

"After a brief recital of personal experiences, and the interchange of American and Greenland news, the members of the combined expedition turned seaward, and thus terminated a most dramatic incident. A more direct meeting than this one on the bleak wilderness on Greenland's ice-cap could not have been had, even with all the possibilities of pre-arrangement.

"On the following day," says Prof. Heilprin, "in the wake of a storm which grounded the good rescue ship and for a time threatened more serious complications, the *Kite* triumphantly steamed down to the Peary winter quarters at the Red Cliff House."

The following are Mrs. Peary's simple but touching words regarding the return of her husband :

"At 3 o'clock on the morning of August 6th, while lying in my bunk, I heard shouts from the returning party, and in a few minutes a quick, firm step on the deck, which I recognized as my husband's. The next instant he was before me. I then felt God had, indeed, been good to me. Good news from home, and Mr. Peary returned in health and safety after an absence of ninety-three days, during which time he had travelled over thirteen hundred miles over this inland ice. So far everything had gone just as we had hoped."

One sad disaster clouded the triumphant close of this epoch-making enterprise. While the party were gayly packing their belongings previously to embarking on board the *Kite*, Mr. Verhoeff, the geologist of the expedition, who had taken care of "Red Cliff" and its precious inmate during the absence of Lieut. Peary and Mr. Astrup, went on a two days' scientific trip to a neighbouring settlement. He never returned. Search parties were sent in every direction, but no trace of him could be found. His footsteps were followed to the edge of a dangerous glacier, and a number of his specimens were discovered, but nothing more. There seems little doubt that he must have fallen into one of the deep crevasses on the glacier. He was only twenty-five years old, and was much liked by his colleagues.

"Lieutenant Peary's long sledge journey and the return," says a writer in the *Northern Christian Advocate*, "were accomplished almost on the schedule time planned by him before he set out from this country. His expedition proved that the north-west and north-east coast of Greenland come to a point not far from the spot he reached; it demonstrated the existence in central Greenland of a vast ice-cap crowning its mountains and filling its valleys; it yielded a peerless collection of specimens of Arctic flora and fauna and a rich accumulation of ethnological notes, and he was enabled to illustrate it by securing over two thousand

Bishop Crowther, we would pray that they may be the means of leading others to enter the harvest field of Africa, or at least to support prayerfully and generously, the workers already labouring there.

Where the Niger enters the sea, not with a broad expanse of rushing water, but spreading out into a number of outlets, slowly creeping over stretches of poisonous slime, the deadliest pestilence reigns. Hence it is called "the white man's grave." In its course of nearly two thousand miles, the Niger waters some of the most degraded and unhappy districts of Africa. Between its western arm and the sea coast lies the country of the Yoruba people, natives who have suffered more perhaps than any other tribes from the cruelties and desolations of the slave-trade. They claim to have descended from Nimrod, and pride themselves on their remote ancestry. Whether this be founded on fact or not, it is true that from this dark region and from this lowly beginning, the career of Bishop Crowther began to unfold.

In 1821 an army of the Mohammedan Foulah tribe, swelled by a crowd of escaped slaves and man-stealers, ravaged the country. Sweeping everything before them, they came to Oshogem, a flourishing town mustering 3,000 fighting men. All was panic and despair. The women and children tried to escape, but the Foulahs pursued and captured them by flinging lassos over their heads.

The subject of our sketch was at this time twelve and a half years of age, and he, with other members of the family, was captured. No account is given us of the home life of Adjai, the future bishop of the Niger, but there seems to have been a settled home and strong family affection, for the father died in its defence, and the separation between Adjai and his mother, which occurred at the end of the first march, is said to have caused him great grief.

The usual barbarities of the slave-march are described. The old and infirm who could not respond to the whips of their captors were mercilessly killed, or left on the road to die of hunger and exposure. In some of the slave-markets five or six heads were nailed to the trees as a warning to those who did not willingly submit. Adjai was sold and re-sold a number of times. He was first bartered for a horse, but his buyer thought him a bad bargain and compelled his master to take him back. Then he was sold for rum, and again returned, to be sold a third time for tobacco, with the same result.

He determined to destroy himself sooner than fall into the hands of the white man, an object as curious and alarming to

him as the first appearance of a black man would be to a European boy. He was eventually purchased by a Portuguese trader, and, with a number of other captives, was attached by a padlock to a long chain, very heavy and distressing to bear. They were stowed in a slave hut, almost suffocated with the heat, and on the slightest provocation cruelly beaten with whips. Early one morning they were placed on board a slaver, packed in fearful contact in the hold—the living, the dying, and the dead. Seasickness, hunger, thirst, and the blows of their inhuman masters made these poor wretches long for the end.

But just at this extremity came God's provided opportunity. Two English men-of-war caught sight of the slave-ship and gave chase, and soon the human cargo was transhipped—the master and slave-drivers in irons, and the black men looking on with astonishment and fear. The two vessels made for Sierra Leone, where in



A SLAVE COFFLE.

1787 a colony had been formed as a rescue home for liberated slaves, under British protection. One of the vessels was wrecked in a storm, and all on board perished, including one hundred and two slaves. The other, with Adjai on board, reached Sierra Leone in safety.

Six years previously, missionaries had been sent there by the Church Missionary Society. The climate was deadly, and during the first twenty years of the mission, fifty-three of the missionaries or their wives had succumbed to the fever. But as fast as gaps were made in the army of brave hearts, others came from England to fill their place, and so by constantly renewing the helpers, the work was crowned with success.

Little Adjai was placed in charge of the mission schoolmaster where he made good progress in his studies and became in time a monitor. There the Word of God was taught him, and he was delivered from the condemnation of sin. He was baptized in

1825, taking the name of Samuel Crowther, a name that has become familiar to Christians the world over. Here also he learned the carpenter's trade, and soon became proficient in the use of chisel and plane. This ability to work for himself and others was in after years exceedingly useful.

In 1826 his new friends announced their intention of taking him to England, and in due time, wild with joy, he caught the first glimpse of that wonderful land of which he had heard so much. During his stay in England he was a pupil in the parochial school at Islington, and made good use of his time in making acquaintance with English life and manners.

Meanwhile the Industrial School at Sierra Leone had developed into a high-class, Christian institution, and it was proposed to utilize it as a nursery for training native teachers. This became in due time Foulah Bay College, and the first name of the half dozen native youths entered on the roll of students was that of Samuel Crowther.

The fatality of the climate to Europeans gave urgency to this effort to train native workers for this field. The Gold Coast had earned an awful reputation, and again and again its fever-stricken shores became whitened with the bones of the stranger—a silent but eloquent witness to the kind of courage and zeal which the missionary to



NATIVE AFRICAN CHIEF.

Africa requires. Crowther's progress at college soon secured for him the position of a teacher, but he determined to labour for the salvation of his people.

By his side, in those early days at the mission school, a little girl, taken like himself from a slave-ship, was taught. They grew up together, and she also became a Christian and was baptized. They grew fond of each other, and after a period of courtship, which is the same old sweet story in Africa as elsewhere, they were married, and it proved to be a happy union. One of their children, Rev. Dandeson Crowther, is now archdeacon of his father's diocese; and two other sons and three daughters are spoken of as influential, godly men and women.

In 1830 Mr. Crowther was appointed to the care of a school at Regent's Town, and his wife was associated with him as school-mistress. Two years later they were promoted to a still more important work, and finally he came back to the college as principal. Here for several years he found his sphere, and several who came under his training were ordained, and afterwards received Government appointments as chaplains at important stations on the coast.

His natural aptitude for languages proved a very great advantage in dealing with chiefs and head men of the districts, and



ONE OF THE CHIEF'S WIVES.

this marked him out for notice at a critical moment which was approaching. In 1841 the English Government set on foot a proposal to explore the Niger, to open up a new field of commerce, and to assist in putting down the infamous system of slavery. It was proposed to give those in charge of the expedition power in the Queen's name to make contracts and enter into agreements with the native chiefs; to build stations under proper protection, where factories might

be built, and where the people might be taught a better method of trading than that of selling slaves.

The committee of the Church Missionary Society saw in this undertaking an opportunity of bringing the blessings of the gospel to those benighted people, and Samuel Crowther and the Rev. James Frederick Schon, who had been for ten years a missionary at Sierra Leone, were the men chosen to accompany the expedition. They gladly accepted the commission notwithstanding its perils. It was a disappointment to both that they were not to travel together, one sailing by the *Wilberforce*, the other by the *Soudan*; one taking the main stream, and the other a tributary of the Niger.

On the 20th of August, 1841, the vessels got under way, soon losing sight of the sea, and making their way through the labyrinth of creeks surrounded by mangrove, palm, bamboo, and other trees of beautiful foliage. The villagers, armed with sticks, ran to the next village, giving the alarm, and these to the next, the fear of the slave-trader being ever before them. Further up stream the natives were less fearful, coming on board the vessels

of their own accord, asking for rum, and wishing for nothing else in exchange for their fruit.

One cannot read an account of these expeditions into the heart of Africa without being convinced that, except in colour, the African is just what the European or Canadian would be under the same sad conditions; just as bright and susceptible, and just as much in need of the gospel as we. Yet these people offer human sacrifices to their unknown gods, in the most barbarous manner. One day the missionary found them dragging a poor girl, tied hand and foot, with her face on the ground, to the river. As they went along, the crowd was crying, "Wickedness! wickedness!" and they believed that the iniquities of the people were thus atoned for. Sometimes their victims were tied to trees and left until they were famished. We are horrified by their fetish worship, but our horror is mingled with pity when we remember that these are a part of their religion. It is the sense of sin, and the conviction that *some one* must suffer for its expiation.



NATIVE WEAPONS.

The natives believed that slaves who were purchased by white men were killed and eaten, and their blood used to dye cloth red. They could not understand how it could be possible that the missionaries had come with no other object than to tell them what God had revealed in His Word.

Nothing could exceed the courage displayed by those who composed the expedition, but a foe barred their progress which no daring could overcome. Soon the illness which spread over the vessels told too plainly how deadly was the climate. The Mgalla interpreter fell overboard and was drowned. The apathy of the natives was apparent, for although canoes containing at least one hundred persons were within reach, no one stretched out a hand to save him.

The description of one Sabbath day pictures vividly the awful condition of the party:

"Another death on board the *Albert*, and several persons very ill in each of our vessels. Service was held on the quarter-deck of the *Wilberforce*. Behind

me the lifeless form of a sailor; before me an audience of as many as can be spared from their work. On deck the carpenters making a coffin; in the fore castle, seven persons dangerously ill. A few yards from us was the *Albert*, lying with the usual sign of mourning—a lowered flag. The medical men attached to the expedition were beginning to suffer, and the surgeon of the *Albert* was mortally stricken."

Fifty-five were now lying helpless on the decks of the ship, and from time to time were added to the number of the dead. At last the captains were laid low, and it was decided that the *Soudan*, with its cargo of invalids, must return with all haste back to the sea. The *Wilberforce* followed on the homeward track. The whole result of the expedition may be written in one word, *failure*. Mr. Crowther and Mr. Schon were permitted to return, and thus ended the first Niger expedition. So great was the disappointment in England that for twelve years public opinion would not allow another expedition to follow it.

Although the first expedition had closed so disastrously, it proved that Samuel Crowther had within him the stuff of which a true missionary is made. During the ill-fated journey he had shown to the sufferers the sympathy of a Christian minister. He had exhibited great wisdom and tact in his treatment of the chiefs of the various tribes, and whatever success did attend the expedition was due to the services of the future Bishop of the Niger. It was also found that while the white people were prostrate with sickness, he maintained his vigour of mind and body, proving the necessity of working this dangerous field with native agency.

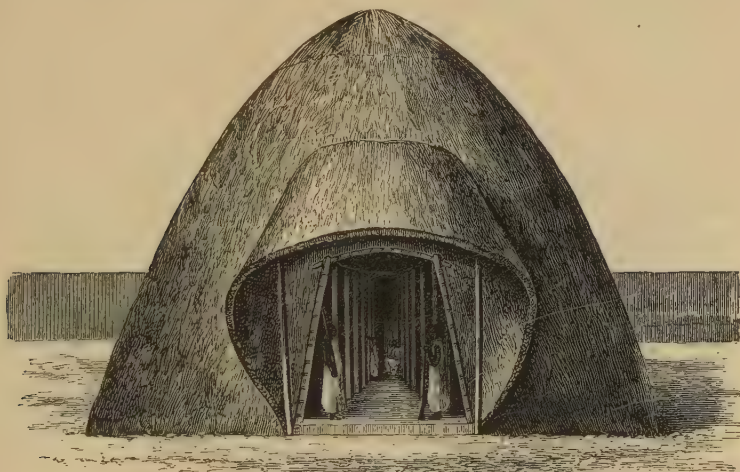
Mr. Crowther was recalled to England. In June, 1843, he received the rite of ordination, and as soon as possible was on the return journey.

In giving the details of Mr. Crowther's capture as a slave, it was shown how fiercely the Yoruba tribe was being devastated by the Foulahs. This was simply to supply men for the slave-market, and to effect this, 300 native towns were ruthlessly destroyed. Such oppression could not be forever endured. The Yoruba refugees gathered together into a great fortified town called Abeokuta, four miles in diameter, with a population of 100,000 souls. Some of the Yoruba slaves, who had been educated and baptized as Christians at Sierra Leone, returned to Abeokuta, and they begged that a missionary might be sent them. Mr. Crowther and another missionary were sent there to establish the mission. Great rejoicings followed their arrival, and soon an incident of extreme pathos occurred. It was the unexpected meeting of Mr. Crowther with his mother—the mother from whom he had been torn twenty-five years before. He says:

"She trembled as she held me by the hand, and called me by the familiar

names which I well remembered, big tears rolling down her emaciated cheeks. My two sisters, who were captured with us, are both with my mother, who takes care of them and her grandchildren at a small town not far from here, called Abaka. Thus, after all search for me had failed, God has brought us together, and turned our sorrow into joy."

Shortly after, during a tribal war, Abaka was destroyed and Mr. Crowther's sisters and their husbands and children sold as slaves. He ransomed them, and his mother became the first fruits of the mission at Abeokuta. In three years there were 80 communicants, and 200 candidates for baptism, and many heathen had ceased worshipping their false gods.



PALACE OF AFRICAN CHIEF.

The English now took possession of Lagos, the principal centre of the infamous slave-traffic, and changed it into a prosperous town, with a brisk trade established between it and Liverpool.

In 1854 Mr. Crowther, who accompanied another party of pathfinders, set out to explore the upper Niger. When they reached Ibo, they found that the old king, whom they had promised in 1841 that they would some day return, had died. He had watched in vain for the coming of the ships.

Wherever they went the kings and chiefs had the same story to tell of the cruelty of the slave-trade. It was clear that the Niger was navigable, and that the natives were not unwilling to receive the representatives of the Christian faith. After a four months' voyage they returned safely to Aboukuta.

In 1857 a third expedition was arranged to establish a Niger Christian mission. This expedition came to an abrupt termination

at Rabbah, where the *Dayspring* struck upon a rock and was wrecked. The native chiefs too were unfriendly. One day the missionaries were surprised by the appearance of a former Sunday scholar from Abeokuta, who was engaged as guide for their overland journey home.

In the closing months of 1858 Mr. Crowther started on a canoe expedition up the Niger from Onitsha to Rabbah, a distance of 300 miles; from this point across country again to Abeokuta, thence to Lagos. For a time it seemed as if the work of toilsome years was to be undone. The hostility of the natives made it necessary for a gun-boat to ascend the river to effect reprisals. Mr. Crowther and his son were taken prisoners, and in their rescue the English consul was killed with a poisoned arrow.



CHRISTIAN CHURCH ON SITE OF AN OLD SLAVE-MARKET.

In 1864 Samuel Crowther was consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral as the first Bishop of the Niger. It was an impressive sight. Remembering, as many did, the touching history of his childhood and early struggles as a slave, not a few were moved to tears when he humbly knelt to receive the seals of the high office of shepherd of souls. Most of all must one heart have been affected—that of Mrs. Weeks, the missionary's wife, at whose knee he received the first lessons in the way of the Lord.

The subsequent history of Bishop Crowther up to his death, on the last day of 1891, is intensely interesting, but is a repetition of the foregoing to a great extent, a record of successes and reverses, treachery, persecution, cannibalism, and martyrdom. About some of the mission stations no regard for human life seemed to exist. Many natives believed and were saved. In the hour of martyrdom many were faithful unto death.

Like missionaries of other lands, Bishop Crowther and his helpers had constantly to deplore the influence of vicious white men. Through acquaintance with them the natives too often learned to despise the white man's religion before they ever saw a missionary.

That deadly curse, alcohol, exported by Christian England and America, how can our missionaries cope with these? The following letter from a Mohammedan king in the Niger district needs no explanation or comment:

“Salute Crowther, the great Christian minister. The matter about which I am speaking with my mouth, write; it is as if it is done by my hand; it is about barasa (rum or gin), barasa, barasa, barasa! My God, it has ruined our country. It has made our people become mad. I have made a law that no one dares buy or sell it, and anyone who is found selling it, his house is to be plundered; anyone found drunk shall be killed. I have told all the Christian traders that I agree to anything for trade but barasa. I beg you don't forget this writing, because we all beg that the Bishop should beg the great priests (missionary committee), that they should beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasa into this land. For God and the prophets' sake, and the prophet his messenger's sake, Crowther must help us in this matter, that of barasa. He must not leave our country to be despoiled by barasa. Tell him, may God bless him in his work. This is the mouth-word from Maliki, the Emir of Nupe”

To close with a brighter picture let us look upon the crowd of eager Christians, including King George of Bonny, and other royal converts, making their way to St. Stephen's Church, when it was announced that the Bishop would preach. Five hundred attentive listeners in the morning, and over four hundred in the afternoon, although the tide was high, above knee-deep over the beach path! Surely the black Bishop's crown will be radiant! We may well covet a place by his side.

The record of the closing years of his life is soon told. In 1888 we find him for a short time in England, revising the proof-sheets of his biography. After returning to his diocese for about a year he made one more visit to England, to consult a specialist about his eyes, and again returned to the Niger. On the last day of 1891, at Lagos, the venerable Bishop passed away.

The Church Missionary Society, to which he owed so much, and which he had served so faithfully, placed on record a high tribute of respect to Samuel Crowther, as a man and a bishop. He was unspoilt by an office which proves a giddy pinnacle for many men, and throughout his long term of service the worker is always lost in the work. The world and the Church are the poorer for his removal, and Africa has lost one of its most honoured sons.

FROM MALACHI TO CHRIST.

BY REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

THE period which intervenes between the close of Old Testament history and the opening events of the New Testament has been a good deal like a landscape covered by misty clouds. It has been but dimly visible to the general reader. It has been too commonly regarded as a period that has uttered no certain sound regarding the religious condition of the Hebrew people, and left no trustworthy history of their condition. To those who have made no special study of the Apocryphal books, the stream of religious history seems like one of those creeks which suddenly disappears and becomes an underground river, till at some distant point it breaks forth into the sunlight again with greater volume than before its disappearance. Between Malachi and Matthew there is, to many, an unexplored sea.

In the secular history of this period such events as the conquests of Alexander the Great, and the wars and doings of his successors, are recorded. It is also illuminated by the splendid bravery with which the Jews, under the leadership of the Maccabean family, repeatedly repelled Antiochus Epiphanes and other enemies of Israel. But the chief interest of this period gathers around the condition of religious thought and worship among the Jews; because these dim centuries were, in an important sense, a preparation for the coming of the world's Redeemer. The study of the later centuries of this period is an important means of determining the religious condition of the world at the advent of Christ. What light does the literature of these times throw upon the religion of the people?

The Apocryphal Books.

The Rev. R. A. Redford's "Four Centuries of Silence," recently republished by Cranston & Curts, of Cincinnati, is one of several works dealing with this period which have been published in our day. Nearly thirty years ago I read with interest the remarks of the learned Dr. Westcott, the present bishop of Durham, on the signs of preparation for the coming of Christ which were found in the literature of this period. More recently, Dr. Ederheim, Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, of Scotland, Rev. W. J. Deane, of England, and others, have dealt with the Apocalyptic literature of these times. The interest in this period has been very much increased by the fact that several German and English critics

are disposed to place the origin of some portions of the Old Testament canon in the same period in which the Apocryphal and Apocalyptic books had their origin. Mr. Thomson's work, "*Books Which Influenced Our Lord and His Apostles*," seems to me a misnomer. There is no clear reference to any of these Apocalyptic books in the sayings of Christ, and, with one exception, nothing that could be called a quotation in the Apostolic writings. The influence assumed is not proven by the facts.

It is generally agreed by commentators that Malachi was a contemporary of Ezra and Nehemiah, and that his prophecy fitly closes the Old Testament canon. The sins he condemns are those of that time. The books of Chronicles are believed to be a product of the same period. Canon Rawlinson says: "Ezra's authorship of Chronicles is maintained by the entire array of Hebrew authorities; and, though disputed by the greater number of modern critics, has arguments of great weight in its favour." With this agree Ewald, Stanley, DeWette, Zunz and others. The latest books of the Old Testament are evidently the product of the era of intellectual and religious revival connected with the return of the exiles to their own land.

In most of the post-exilic period the civil and ecclesiastical authority was combined in the High Priest, and there was no marked line of distinction between the two spheres. Among the Jews of Palestine, the century succeeding the time of Ezra and Nehemiah was one of great barrenness, both with regard to historical events and literary productions. It can scarcely be said to have a history. Mr. Redford says, "It is a remarkable fact that there is no writing which has any claim to be received as proceeding from the Jewish community as a religious book, for a hundred years after the time of Ezra." The literary revival among the Jews in Alexandria, and other places where Greek learning prevailed, was earlier than that among the Jews of Palestine. There is a wide difference in character between the Apocryphal books. Some of them, like "*Tobit*," "*Judith*," and the "*History of Susanna*," are religious novels; others, like "*The Wisdom of Solomon*," and "*Ecclesiasticus*," present moral and religious lessons of great wisdom and piety. The first book of Maccabees furnishes valuable historic information respecting an interesting series of events in the life of the Jewish people.

When the long period of silence was followed by the literary and religious renaissance in Palestine, there was a marked falling off from the high character of the Old Testament writings. All that was good or commendable in these later writings was an echo, or imitation, of the earlier sacred literature. Speaking

of the whole of the Apocryphal writings, Dr. Edersheim, a most competent authority, says: "It is debased in literary character, chiefly imitative of the Old Testament writings, and, as we would naturally have expected, of the youngest portions among them; so that one might almost infer the comparative lateness of an Old Testament book from its imitation by one or more of the Apocrypha. In thought and direction, the differences between them and any part of the Old Testament are so numerous and great as to afford indirect evidence of the canonicity of the latter." Some of the Apocryphal books are tinged by the Greek philosophy of that time. These books, though read by the Jews in Gentile lands, were never accepted as possessing divine authority by the Jews of Palestine. Because of their being regarded as a part of the Septuagint version, they were read by the primitive Christians at first. Mr. Redford, however, says: "But there never was a time when the books of the Apocrypha were not recognized as outside the line of canonical authority. They were never quoted by any Apostolic writer. They never received the sanction of our Lord. As soon as the early Church entered upon the question of distinguishing Scripture from other books, they were decisively relegated to a lower place."

It has been observed by Bishop Westcott, that there is no sound authority for the belief that any book was added to the Old Testament between the time of Malachi and Christ. The Apocryphal books were no doubt added to the Septuagint at a late period. In view of the strong disposition of certain critics to assign a late date to portions of the Old Testament, we may feel sure that, if there was any authority for such assumptions, it would have been presented before now.

After pointing out the marked contrast between the writings and religious ideal of that period with those of the Old Testament prophets, Dr. Edersheim says: "And yet in, or near to, a period, the outcome of which is admittedly so different, a certain school of critics would have us place a large portion of the legislation, and of the historical and didactic, if not the prophetic, writings of the Old Testament."

The Septuagint Version.

Of all the literary work of the centuries from Malachi to Christ, none was so important as the translation of the Old Testament into Greek, in the version known as the Septuagint. Many things said about the manner in which this translation was accomplished are not deemed worthy of confidence. The time has been questioned; but it is tolerably certain that it was by order

of the king of Egypt, some time in the third century before Christ. "The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach," is one of the oldest books among the Palestinian Apocryphal books. Yet Dr. Edersheim says: "When we turn to the book of Sirach, we find that its language is borrowed in places, not only from that of the Pentateuch version of the Septuagint, but from its rendering of the books of Proverbs, of Jeremiah, and of Isaiah." It is also significant, that, in the prologue to this early book of the Apocrypha, reference is made to "the Law and the Prophets and other books of our fathers," indicating that there was then an accepted Scripture canon.

Whatever may be the date or circumstances of this translation of the Scriptures into Greek, there can be no question as to its agency in preparing for the Messiah. Mr. Redford pertinently says:

"What that work has accomplished in the diffusion of revealed truth through the world, no human mind can ever estimate. How the way of the Lord was prepared by it, how it laid the foundations on which Christianity itself built up its fuller and higher communications, we can never perfectly describe, although the fact that it to a large extent superseded the Hebrew Bible, and was for a considerable period the sacred volume of the Christian Church, must be sufficient to show that it was a chosen instrument of Divine providence in the work of human salvation."

The Apocalyptic Books.

I can only refer briefly to the Apocalyptic books. Most of these seem to be inspired by, if not modelled after, the book of Daniel. They are the product of the later part of these centuries, between Malachi and Christ. Most of them must have been written in the century before the Christian era. These books derive their name from their possessing so largely visionary representations, which assume to reveal the future. These are also called Pseudo-epigraphic writings; because they falsely ascribe their authorship to those who were not the real authors; though this can hardly have been done with the purpose to deceive, for such recent writings would not be accepted as having been written by Moses, Enoch, Solomon, or Isaiah, if really written by living writers. The chief of these books are the Book of Enoch, the Psalter of Solomon, the Fourth Book of Esdras, the Sibylline Oracles, the Ascension and Vision of Isaiah, the Apocalypse of Baruch, the Assumption of Moses, and the Book of Jubilles.

It is generally held that the home of this school of Apocalyptic writers was Engedi, which was what we would now call the headquarters of the sect of the Essenes. One of the most striking

things in this Apocalyptic literature is the marked revival of the Messianic hope. In the Apocrypha, there is scarcely any reference to the Messiah; or if there is, it is in the form of the expectation of a coming kingdom, or national blessings, rather than of a personal deliverer or king. But, in these Apocalyptic writings, the Messianic hope of the Old Testament prophets breaks out in various forms of expression and imagery. It is impossible to be certain of the dates of most of these books. Some of them, in whole or in part, were written after the Christian era. But in those that are, beyond doubt, of an earlier date, there are proclaimed the hopes of a personal Messiah and His kingdom. The portions of the Sibylline Oracles, that are believed to be pre-Christian, are imbued with the Messianic spirit. The Book of Enoch has similar references. In my opinion, the so-called Psalter of Solomon, supposed to bear internal marks of having reference to the time and movements of Pompey, the Roman general, rises in devotional feeling and lofty faith nearer to the faith of the Old Testament than anything in any of these writings. We have such sentiments as these: "Those who fear the Lord shall rise again to everlasting life, and their life shall be in the light of the Lord, and shall never be quenched." "When we are afflicted we will call to Thee for help, and Thou wilt not turn away our prayer, for Thou art our God." But, of course, the writer was familiar with the Psalms and Prophets of the Jewish canon. The study of these writings shows us one phase of the popular Messianic hope at the birth of Christ. But it is evident it is not the form of Messianic hope which inspired Simeon and Anna, Zachariah and Nathanael, and other devout souls who were waiting for the Consolation of Israel. During the latter part of this period, the type of religion which is suggested by the word "Judaism" was developed, and also the Jewish sects which we find prominent in New Testament times. I have only been able to touch very briefly a few of the points of interest which attract the attention of the student of this vast and suggestive subject.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
 Peaceful be ;
 When a chastening hand restrains thee,
 It is He !
 Know His love in full completeness,
 Feel the measure of thy weakness,
 If He wound the spirit sore,
 Trust Him more.

—*Charles Hagebach.*

PROGRESS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.*

[BY MISS FRANCES WILLARD.]

It has been stated by military experts that forty well-trained soldiers are able to resist ten thousand who have had no discipline. If the temperance army, compared with the great army of the world, is as small as this comparison between the figures forty and ten thousand would indicate, and no doubt it is, we must remember that those who have their hearts set as a flint, those whose eyes look straight on and who have caught step one with another so that they march as an unbroken host, must, in the nature of things, make mighty inroads on the great mobocracy of thoughtless, ignorant, careless opponents who, except when they are drinkers and sellers of drink, need but the arrest of thought to bring them to our ranks.

We are to encourage our hearts by the remembrance that the Master said, "A *little* leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and though our work seems small when compared with the great world-work of the good, still, if it brings about the wondrous transformation from thoughtlessness to thoughtfulness, everything else that we desire must surely follow.

There are tens of thousands of women to-day who think themselves a little too good to be White-ribboners—a little too cultivated, perhaps a trifle too critical—in short, "they do not see their way." They prefer to trip along in their trim shoes on the sidewalk with the better cared-for procession of the average well-to-do. But we who have taken to the street and are marching along in the dust with the rank and file, sing many a time as we go forward in the difficult way, a song whose meaning is well described in the old Scotch rhyme:

"And ye'll tak' the byeway,
And I'll take the highway,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye."

Life is full of compensations, and the White Ribbon army in all nations knows already the compensation of a love stronger than death for our Divine Leader who has passed into the heavens but sheds forth His power upon the earth as steadily as falls His sunshine; for our divine cause, worthy of any sacrifice we can make even unto death; and for each other, the sturdy veterans and radiant young recruits of one great patient army wherein each loves the other, "for the dangers she has passed."

It would seem as if the figures of the year are, on the whole, depressing. The total product of beer for the revenue from April 30th, 1891, to the same date, 1892, amounts to 31,475,000 barrels,

*Abridged from the President's address at the Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Denver, Colorado.

a net increase of 1,000,453 barrels over the product of a former year, or a little less than one-half a barrel for every man, woman and child in the United States. On the principle that misery loves company, we may recall the fact that England, with her thirty-seven millions of population, has a much larger drink bill this year than America with her sixty-three millions. But it is not upon figures that we base our hopes. We know that the darkest hour is just before the dawn; we have learned not to expect too much success in our own lifetime, but just to keep "pegging away," building ourselves into that wondrous dyke made up of educated thought, purpose, and affection, that shall yet shut out the tawny, seething, foaming tide, not only from the land we love the best, but from every nation under heaven.

Thus saith the Lord: "Gather my saints together unto me, those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." The true reformer is the one who sits at the prow and sees only God. I cannot express to you my growing sense of the power that dwells in these groups of faithful and true women in every quarter of the world, animated by one spirit, attentive in mind, motherly in heart, helpful in hand, and hospitable in soul; ready to respond to every appeal that comes to them from the bugle notes of their great fireside camps, where the conventions plan the work of the year that lies ahead.

In the last analysis we want what every church and philanthropic movement has wanted since the world began, and this is *power*. It is the one cry—"give us power." The engine is useless to the engineer until its valves are filled with steam. The telegraph is but so much dead metal until the electric flash makes it a thing of life. Even a human being without vitality is but so much *avoidsupois*. Perhaps all power is a unit. We cannot tell. Perhaps it flows out from that reservoir behind all life that we call God. At all events, until the splendid engine of the W. C. T. U. is filled with those manifestations of God in Jesus Christ that we call "the Spirit's power," it stands idle on the track, no matter how well that track is ballasted, nor how strong the steel of its straight road. Power—we know what it is—we have had it—we have it still—we may have more of it just for the asking, we may have all of it that we will. God grant us power from on high—the giving of heaven's own steam into the engine, of Christ's own electric light of love into the telegraphic network of organization that we have spread over the whole world, and most of all into your heart and mine. More than for any other object we meet here to concentrate thought, purpose and affection in the consecration that evokes and brings down from heaven the power of God.

The difference between a man and a mollusk is that one has resolute aim, and the other, for all we know, has aimless reverie. The German poet, Hoffman, pitifully said with his last breath, "We must then think of God also." Happy is he who early determines not to put God among the "alsos," but to make Him the keystone of the arch. Often the most discursive and speculative

minds are the very best at choosing, and so we must go out saying to them—“*Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.*”

What we need beyond all things else is a crusade for total abstinence; there are still too many people among us who twang away on their one Paganini string saying: “God made alcohol.” They might say with just as much force God made the devil. What we must do is to get them to let the devil alone whether in the form of alcohol or any other. As temperance specialists it is our work to close as many mouths as possible from being the drains through which this king of poisons finds its way into the organisms of mankind, where it debases, disintegrates, destroys.

The most portentous factor in American politics is the saloon. It has been recently stated that there are nine thousand saloons in New York city, and that on these saloons there are four thousand chattel mortgages, held almost wholly by twenty wholesale dealers, brewers and distillers. These saloons control the votes of forty thousand men, and these forty thousand constitute the balance of power, so that we have twenty men who can swing the vote of New York city; but as the city goes, so goes the state; and as the state, so goes the nation. We want the saloon photographed with this shadow in the picture.

It is idle to say that the prohibition movement is not one of continual progress. We admit that we have passed the stage of enthusiasm, and are now advancing with the sturdy steps of veterans. The province of Manitoba by a plebiscite has recently declared by a large majority in favour of prohibition, and its next legislature is practically certain to pass a law to that effect. South Carolina has shown its colours in similar fashion, though by a different method, and is likely to be the next state falling into line for freedom from the sway of the saloon.

The great danger is as always when sentiment has been made and is crystallizing into conviction and ballots, that a compromise will be foisted upon the temperance people. The royal commission appointed in Canada to investigate the liquor traffic furnishes a salient illustration of such compromise. The temperance people, by immense exertions, had gathered up one of the largest petitions known in the Dominion asking for prohibition, that was the bread for which they were hungering, but Parliament gave them the stone of a so-called royal commission to investigate the liquor traffic, but which was really what it has often been called—“A committee for the prevention of cruelty to saloon-keepers.”

“After all, character is the jewel that God and the angels are seeking on this planet.”

It is glorious to be in the minority when it is right, and infamous to be in the majority when it is wrong.

Women are slowly and surely coming to their own. Their own is to work side by side with men everywhere, for the place in which a pure woman may not work, no man should ever enter. In the illimitable future I see a long avenue, stately and fair, in which through every line of life the two shall go together, blessing and blessed.

Seventeen churches are now built in the United States each day. Two-thirds of their members are women, and they will come into their kingdom by the steady evolution whose text book is the Bible and whose culmination the kingdom of heaven.

The two hands are a picture of the contending forces of capital and labour. The left, less skilled, more choice, served often by its fellow, and decked with rings; the right, forceful, ingenious busy, unadorned. Only by bringing them together can harmony be had and a full day's toil accomplished. If they contend, they work each other's ruin; if they combine, they reach each one its utmost. Met for work and clasped in prayer, these hands of capital and labour shall bring that social compact, which it is their office to develop and defend, up to its best estate. Fighting each other, they will but mar and finally destroy the social fabric—and the left hand of capital will first give away under the pitiless blows of labour's strong right hand.

Carlyle said long ago that "the idle man is a monster"; Rousseau declared that "rich or poor, strong or weak, every idle citizen is a knave." It will hardly be another generation until all education will be based upon the training of the hand, and not to know some useful trade or art will be to confess one's self below the pauper-line in intellect. He who is anointed with God's oil "to wrestle not to reign," has gained "the better part."

"Where are our carriages?" said an anarchist, as some capitalists drove by.

"Why," replied a red-nosed follower, "to tell you the truth, a saloon-keeper is yonder riding in mine."

The Woman's Temperance Publishing Association.—This is the largest publishing society of women in the world. Its postage bill for the past year was over ten thousand dollars, and it pays ten thousand a year for rent. The number of letters received and recorded as containing orders foots up 61,958, which is 6,316 more than for the previous year. The number of pages printed was 135,000,000; several million beyond any previous year. The amount of insurance carried is \$65,000. The permanent property of the office is valued at about \$79,000. The cash receipts for last year, \$214,000 in round numbers. This year \$230,000 in round numbers. The earnings of the printing department, nearly \$79,000. The amount of pages of temperance literature sent out during the past year is 235,000,000 pages.

The White Ribbon Temple is the most beautiful office building in the world; this fact has already passed into a proverb, and is as freely conceded in London and Paris as it is freely claimed in the electric city of the west.

THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE PETITION.

The Polyglot Petition has been endorsed and signed this year by 1,112,735 persons. The present prospect is that with the putting down of all the names thus gained, the petition will be over twelve miles long. Names are coming in constantly from all

parts of the world. Let it be said to the credit of human nature, that a large proportion have been secured by invalids and women from sixty-five years of age and upwards. The most pathetic phrase that where women sign with these words: "Homeless from drink," and the most hopeful where a woman signs herself, "Mother of six prohibition voters." There is no "homelessness" in that! All the way through one may find signatures from the trembling hand of old age to the strong, determined stroke of the man and woman in the prime of life. Here an old grandmother signs with the phrase, "aged, 87"; "aged, 90"; "aged, 95." Frequently a boy is permitted the honour of putting his name to this "state paper," with the interesting information, "twelve years of age;" others follow their signatures with words like these: "Crush the demon," "By one redeemed," "For our homes and our altars." Often a mother places a short petition in connection with her name—"God grant this prayer."

To every White Ribbon woman let me repeat the stirring words of a modern poet. They have touched my heart, they will touch yours, they ought to make us each and every one more earnest and determined not to disappoint those who have put us in our places of honour and of trust. The poem is by Matthew Arnold, and is entitled "On to the City of God":

"See, in the rocks of the world,
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line.
Where are they tending? A God
Marshall'd them, gave them a
goal.
Ah, but the way is so long!
Years they have been in the
wild;
Sore thirst plagues them, the
rocks,
Rising all round, overawe:
Factions divide them, their host

"Threatens to break, to dissolve,
Ah, keep, keep them combined!

"Then in such hour of need
Of our fainting, dispirited race,
Ye leaders of men, ye appear,
Radiant with ardour divine!
Beacons of hope ye appear!
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
'Stablish, continue our march
On, on to the bounds of the waste—
On to the City of God."

In conclusion, my comrades, it is life to look into the faces of the women who dared; it is health to know you never hearken backward along the path of progress; it is heavenly inspiration to hear you sing, as did our Crusade mothers, "Give to the wind thy fears." Here beneath these flashing skies, on the white altar of these hills of God, let us vow undying fealty to the cause of a clear brain and a protected home; to woman's enfranchisement and manhood's exaltation. Wherever these sacred watchwords lead, there let us go. We are explorers sailing on seas unknown; the new world is what we seek; the kingdom of heaven among men. The White Ribbon ship has all sails set; its prow points toward the untracked sea. We seek a land fit for the planting of our Saviour's cross.

A cordial welcome to the W. C. T. U., at Denver, Col., from a governor who used to shove a jack plane, was followed by an eloquent

greeting from the pastor of Trinity M. E. Church (one of the finest in the land)—who used to handle the trowel—Rev. Robert McIntyre. One of our great American orators has spoken eloquently of the measured roll of England's drum, keeping company with the hours and following the rising sun in its course girdling the globe. Beautiful figure, but what is it that follows the roll of the war-drum? Listen, and you will hear sobs and tears; you will see smoking cities and weeping widows and mourning children. But I will tell you of another belt put around the globe, not the red belt of war, but a belt that goes around the world, the white belt of Gospel temperance, girdling the globe and leaving as it goes no sobbing, no weeping, making no widows, no orphans, no poverty or wounds. This belt goes round the world, binding up bruised hearts and wiping away widows' tears, lifting up the drunkard and whispering hope into his ear, and bidding him brace himself for another trial, another effort to be a man.

Lady Henry Somerset made the first response to the salutations, in her usual graceful and felicitous way. She said: I am almost afraid in England to allude much to America, because I am told that I am infatuated about this country. If ever a woman had occasion to be infatuated about a country, I think I have an excuse, because I have received so many sweet courtesies, so many tender hand-clasps, that when I sailed across the great Atlantic I left a great part of my heart in America. It seems to me it augurs well for our future, not only in our great cause, but for humanity, to see the folds of the Union Jack intermingled with those of the Stars and Stripes. The temperance cause is no more national, it is *international*. We have clasped hands in this national movement. We in England are fighting the same battle you are here. We are walking the same path, we are meeting with the same difficulties in the suppression of the liquor traffic. There is only one thing which in England I do not wish to adopt, and it is, perhaps, but a little thing. There is only one word which I hope will not become our watchword over there, and which I believe some day you will change here, and that is the word Prohibition. I believe in prohibition, "first and last and all the time," but I would rather you would call it a name that has rung through this land from the lips of one whom we honour to-night, the President of this Association, and call it Home Protection.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

HE who loves Jesus and loves truth,
 The man of really inner life,
 From unchecked passions free,
 Can turn himself with ease to God,
 And lift himself above himself in thought,
 And rest in peace, enjoying Him.

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

REV. GEORGE W. MCCREE,

"BISHOP OF SEVEN DIALS."

BY REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

THE writer of this article wishes to drop a flower on the grave of his life-long friend. When we were young men, the Church with which we were connected thought fit to put our respective names on the local preachers' plan of Newcastle-on-Tyne circuit. There we remained as true yoke-fellows until both were called into the ministry; the writer went out a few months after his now sainted friend. We were afterwards stationed on the same circuit, and were often associated together at various public meetings, and loved each other very much after the manner of David and Jonathan, and though he afterwards became a Baptist, our friendship still remained unbroken.

Mr. McCree's parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, but they both died before he grew to man's estate. They were diligent in training their children. Our departed friend often referred to his Christian parents, especially his mother, to whose wise counsels he was greatly indebted. Two of his brothers, Andrew and Thomas, were respectable merchants, and carried on an extensive grocery business. In the same department of business, George took part until he entered the ministry.

When the cause of temperance under the name of teetotalism was introduced into the north of England by one of the "seven men of Preston," Joseph Livesy, the father of the movement, the Messrs. McCree, who up to that time had sold ale and porter in their establishment, became convinced of the evils of the drink traffic, and were among the first to sign the pledge. They gave up this branch of their business and poured the liquors which they had in stock into the city sewers, and thus they were freed from the cursed traffic.

While George was yet a boy, the family connected themselves with the Primitive Methodist Church in Newcastle. The brothers already named, soon became useful officials, and greatly aided all the interests of the denomination. They have both finished their course, and would doubtless welcome their younger brother to the "better land."

From the commencement of his Christian career, George was a zealous labourer in church work. Being a fluent speaker, and a lively singer, and withal of a youthful appearance, he soon became very popular, and was much called for, both at temperance meetings and Sabbath religious services, in many of the towns and villages in the north of England. Meetings were often held in the open air, and occasionally at least, those who took part were subjected to great annoyance. Brickbats and various kinds of missiles were often hurled at the speakers.

One scene the writer well remembers. Young McCree was preaching in the streets of Newcastle, near what was known as Sandgate, a locality not remarkable for its respectability, when a policeman marched to the front and commanded him to desist. As he did not at once comply with the command of the officer, he was arrested for refusing to obey orders and for blockading the streets.

In due time the youthful preacher was arraigned and pleaded "not guilty." The "prisoner" was of boyish appearance and wore a short jacket. He was surrounded by a host of friends, among whom were many of the ministers of the city. The policeman failed to prove his case, as the friends of Mr. McCree testified that the thoroughfare was not obstructed, and this was the main charge. As there was no case proved, no punishment was inflicted. When the case was dismissed, McCree received numerous congratulations. It is but right to say that the gentlemen on the bench intimated that they had no wish to interfere with street preaching, providing that the thoroughfares were kept clear.

When Mr. McCree had been in the ministry a few years, he left the Primitive Methodist and joined the Baptist Church. The itinerancy of those days required much hard labour and great self-abnegation. Long journeys had to be performed on foot. Those who entertained the ministers were mostly poor, and the remuneration was small. The writer and his friend once compared their receipts, and neither of them had received seventy-five dollars for a whole year's labour. As Mr. McCree spent most of his salary in the purchase of books, his brothers were often obliged to supply his shortage. But what of the poor itinerant who had no rich brothers?

Mr. McCree became pastor of one or two small Baptist churches, and gave himself very assiduously to study and pastoral labours. He also wrote occasionally for various religious and other periodicals. His arduous labours were more than his constitution could bear, and he often complained to the writer that he felt greatly enervated and was becoming unfitted for his work.

The late Rev. W. Brock, D.D., a popular Baptist minister in the city of Norwich, invited Mr. McCree to become city missionary. This was work for which he was well adapted. His earnest temperance advocacy, his kindly disposition, were well suited to secure success. He formed Bands of Hope, held cottage meetings among the poor, established Sunday schools, and engaged in numerous other Christian activities.

About the year 1852 or '53, Sir Morton Peto conceived the idea of a church extension movement in London in connection with the Baptist Church. The first house of worship erected was Bloomsbury Chapel, of which the Rev. Dr. Brock became the pastor. Under his preaching a large congregation was gathered. Sir Henry Havelock, one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, was a member of this church, and Dr. Brock preached the funeral sermon of the distinguished soldier.

Bloomsbury Chapel is situated near St. Giles, and Sir Morton Peto proposed that a mission to the poor people of the district should be established. Dr. Brock at once selected his old associate to take charge of that work. Mr. McCree was thus brought to the metropolis, where he spent the remainder of his life in such labours as but few probably were ever called to perform.

St. Giles in those days was one of the most criminal and debased parishes in London. "Drunkards and thieves, prize-fighters, coiners, and beggars crowded its dwellings, and made its streets dangerous." The Rev. Dr. Clifford thus describes Mr. McCree as he entered upon his work in St. Giles, where he became known as "the Bishop of the Seven Dials"—an open space, where he usually held services both on Sabbaths and week evenings.

"He went with his life in his hand, and with the love of men in his heart, and the message of the love of the Saviour on his lips. He went into the rooms of the people, as well as preached in their streets. He helped them in their troubles, and soothed them in their afflictions, and bore their burdens as well as warned them of their sins. He kept high his ideals and yet could plod at petty details. His fire was not less than his patience. His courage was matched by tenderness, and his faith in God forbade his despair of any man. The wells of humour never ran dry, and the fires of love never went out. The story of his quarter of a century in St. Giles, told all over the country, reveals one of the most capable and devoted pioneers in the spiritual and social regeneration of the 'slums' of our great cities."

The writer visited his now departed friend when he was "the Bishop of the Seven Dials," and went with him to several places in his "diocese." The scenes there beheld will never be forgotten. Outcast women, drunken men, and ragged children met us everywhere. He pointed to some of the schools of vice, to which he did not think it prudent to introduce a stranger. No one molested us or spoke an improper word. Everybody in the motley group recognized their friend, who had a kind word for all. He did not seem to be afraid of anybody. When we were walking the streets, he would quietly point us to some well-known thief or leader in vice, whom he recognized. Then he would rehearse some amusing incident which he had witnessed. Such was the confidence the people felt in him, that they would sometimes give him stolen articles to restore to their rightful owners.

While prosecuting his mission, he made several attempts to reclaim children and young people. The late Earl Shaftesbury often encouraged him by rendering such aid as circumstances might require to accomplish such benevolent and pious work. More than once the noble earl presided at meetings which Mr. McCree addressed on behalf of his mission. For many years he also acted as secretary of the Band of Hope Union. He was one of the most energetic apostles of that movement, and was so well versed with every phase of the temperance question, that he was always ready to speak on its behalf at every opportunity.

During the quarter of a century that he laboured in St. Giles, he often made excursions into the provinces, partly for recreation

and also that he might by means of lectures give the people in the country a better idea of what constituted life in London. To many his lectures were revelations. They could not conceive there were so many pandemoniums in the great city. Not a few youths who afterwards went to reside in London were put under his care, and to all such he was always a friend indeed. He sought situations for them, introduced them to respectable society, and watched over them with true paternal care.

The wear and tear of such a busy life so told on his constitution, that he needed rest. In 1874, therefore, he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Borough Road, Southwark, where he laboured until November, 1892, when he was called from earth to heaven. This was an entirely new field, but he still held several services on Sunday, indoors and in the open air—organized Bible classes, prayer meetings, mothers' meetings, Bands of Hope, Dorcas, Tract, and Temperance Societies, musical services for the people, popular lectures, dinners and free teas for the poor, rescue meetings for women, sick poor fund, clothing club, Pure Literature Society, lending libraries, cricket club, etc.

He also contributed largely to the press, and published several small volumes. His lecture excursions, though less frequent, were still numerous, while his correspondence was voluminous.

One of the last letters which he wrote me was about three years ago:

"Your touching letter," he says, "has just come. As I am going off on one of my journeys I reply at once. Your letter was very welcome. I remember the days of old. I never forget your sermon at Middleham on 'The Tree of Life.' Blessed be God it still buds and blossoms and bears fruit, still gives forth its leaves for the healing of the nations. . . I never go to Newcastle now though I have many invitations, but all my dear friends have crossed the flood and I seemed when there to be walking in the midst of the dead. I am very busy preaching, lecturing, writing, etc. The poster I send will give you a glimpse of my daily life. . . 'The Primitives are very kind to me—invite me to open their chapels, etc., and we often laugh and cry and shout together. God bless you, may we meet in glory.'"

Mr. McCree never forgot his former connection with Primitive Methodism. In one of his books he gives a graphic account of a camp meeting which that denomination held on the Town Moor, Newcastle. Our limited space will not permit us to give more than a paragraph. After referring to several, who, during the day, had addressed the multitude, he says:

"But, see, here comes the man of the hour—a man of rough face, shaggy hair, big head, loud voice, flashing eyes, strong brain, horned hands, stalwart frame, and fearless mien; a man who spends hours and nights in solitary prayer; who sees Satan and fights with him; who believes in God, Christ, heaven, and hell as realities; who reads volume after volume of theology after his day's toil; whose sermons are brooded over until they are as hot as his own coke-oven; a man of faith and prayer, and spiritual struggle such as we seldom see.—THOMAS WALLER, OF BLAYDON.* He looks like a

* This picture is not overdrawn. I knew good Thomas Waller well.

man going to fight ; he has prayed for hours about this season ; tears have deluged his face ; he has entreated God to bless him as he never did before, and he said to a friend, 'I've got the promise ! so expect something.'

" 'Thomas Waller is up,' is whispered through the crowd, and all press towards the stand. We are breathless, listening to the text, and at last it comes from the preacher's lips, 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' It is like a crash of thunder. Both saints and sinners feel thrilled. None dare stir. This rough coke-burner is as Elijah the prophet. The sermon scathes like fire. It is an appeal to saints to battle against sin, and to sinners to flee to Calvary. He spares none, knowing as he does, and says he does, the plague of sin in his own heart ; he dilates on heroism in God's service, on self-mastery, and on perfect sanctification, until his fellow-Primitives groan and pray for holiness as they stand in deep and awful attention before him.

"Then he suddenly turns to the sinner. With his Bible in one hand and his coloured silk handkerchief in the other, he appeals to him to repent and seek salvation. '*Where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?*' he cries aloud in a terrible voice. '*Where?* when God shall come down with clouds of darkness about Him. *Where?* when God shall rain snares, and fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest upon the wicked. *Where?* when hell shall move from beneath to meet the sinners and to swallow them up.'

"But the man is after all a messenger of peace. 'Sinner,' he cries, 'thou art close to hell, but see, Christ is coming from His cross to save thee.' (Some lines of poetry were then quoted and the writer proceeds.) The effect of these lines, delivered as they were with a combination of earnestness and winning tenderness, was wonderful. Preachers and people wept, praying men shouted, 'Lord ! save now.' The crowds bowed their heads and prayed, and for a time heaven seemed to visit earth with mercy, joy, and love. After a hymn and prayer the camp-meeting came to an end, and Richard Raine, melodious as ever, marched the people from the field, singing :

'Oh ! then we'll shine, and shout, and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home ;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

" 'Amen, amen,' my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet Him in the skies
And claim a mansion there :
Now here's my heart and here's my hand
To meet you in the heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.' "

Good Thomas Waller and most of his fellow-labourers at the camp meeting, with "the Bishop of Seven Dials," have met in their Father's house. They were well known to the writer of this article, who feels like saying,

"My company before me have gone."

But by grace I will follow on and join them there. Farewell, my dear McCree, until we meet in glory !

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object !

THE VALUE OF ENTIRE PROHIBITION.

BY REV. J. L. DAWSON, A.B.

HALF-WAY measures must always contain concessions to the evils with which they grapple. Local option laws are all half-way measures. They assert the right to prohibit. Some of them assert it very strongly. The Nova Scotia "Liquor License Act, 1886," for instance, is remarkable in this respect; for it makes thirty-four prohibition voters stronger than sixty-six voters who favour license, in every polling district outside of Halifax city, and forty-one stronger than fifty-nine in that provincial stronghold of the traffic itself. The Scott Act itself is not nearly so strongly prohibitory, for it merely furnishes the prohibitionist even chances at the polls with the anti-prohibitionist. But both "Acts" concede the legal right of the traffic to exist in the community, provided it can secure a certain prescribed number of votes in its favour. It is true that the "Act" first named places license at a great disadvantage in its struggle against prohibition, but it nevertheless makes licenses possible, and provides for their issuance whenever the polling district or ward section declares in favour of their being granted.

Now, the licensing of a great moral evil like the liquor traffic is, with every prohibitionist, a matter of conscience. He has decided that it cannot be licensed anywhere without sin, and he is always fearful lest he may himself share in the responsibility for the traffic's continuance wherever it is still upheld. Certainly his moral responsibility in the matter has limits. In a Scott Act election contest, his duty is done and his conscience clear, even when prohibition has been defeated and free rum voted in, provided he has cast his ballot in its favour, and done what he could to induce other electors to do likewise. And after the fifteen or more licenses have been granted to applicants residing in Section A, Ward II., Halifax, the prohibitionists of that section are free from all moral guilt in the matter, if only they have both refused themselves to sign the certificate of any applicant and used what influence they had to get others to refuse.

It is no sin to be out-voted. When we have stood with the right and done our best striving to get it the victory, to stand bravely in a minority still militant is one of the highest glories of our manhood. But the duty of the prohibitionist is not bounded by the limits of any local option law. He is not simply citizen of a polling district, nor even of county or city. Every Canadian prohibitionist is also citizen of a province, and of a Dominion composed of many provinces. And being such, it is his duty to enquire if his country, taken as a whole, does not number more prohibitionists than anti-prohibitionists among her electors, and, on finding it so, to demand, in the name of government, according to the will of the majority, and in the best

interests of majority and minority alike, that the liquor traffic, in all its branches, be outlawed by the Dominion government at once and forever.

It is his duty also to do what he has lately done in Manitoba—obtain the opportunity to express himself on the question of provincial prohibition of sale, and then make his voice heard. What could the pro-traffic cry of Halifax, or St. John, or Charlottetown, for instance, avail in such a case against the anti-traffic shout of the province at large? As long as conscience lives in the prohibitionist, the fight will go on. He can never enjoy more than partial moral rest until entire prohibition has been enacted and brought into operation throughout the Dominion. The first advantage, therefore, of the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic, would be this: It would give ease of conscience in the matter to a very large portion of that section of our people who are devoted to the interests of righteousness, and bring such a release to their energies, that they would be free to engage, on behalf of themselves and the public, in other weighty moral undertakings. The importance of this is only made clearer to the discerning when they reflect upon the fact that comparatively few perceive it. There is yet many a great popular wrong waiting to be corrected. Each must be fought and overcome in its turn. When will the last one be overtaken and slain? It becomes us to march rapidly.

We may now look at the value of entire prohibition as a law viewed side by side with such local option measures as at present exist.

1. It would prohibit everywhere. It would give no community the place and time for self-injury and self-disgrace which local option furnishes. It would cause the strong to protect the weak and restrain the vicious. In other words, it would carry the strength of the prohibition sentiment from those counties and provinces where it is superabundant, and place it on guard over those portions of the Dominion in which the traffic has its strongholds.

2. It would strike at importation and manufacture as well as sale. Prohibition of sale alone is like trying to keep a people from taking cholera or the small-pox by building close, high walls about the hospitals, when you could as well drive and keep all infected persons out of the country and burn the hospital buildings to the ground. Close, high walls are excellent in their way, but they must have gates, and the gates must be open sometimes.

3. The officers appointed for the enforcement of a Dominion prohibitory law, would derive their authority and their salaries from the federal government, and would thus be less subject to local influences than similar officers are under the various statutes at present existing. This would be desirable, of course, only when the party in power would be itself favourable to the enforcement of the law. Otherwise it would be far better that these officers should be so appointed and paid that each would most

distinctly feel the weight of prohibition sentiment wherever it existed. One may add the reflection that a Dominion prohibitory law, with a party in power at Ottawa hostile to its enforcement, could scarcely prove less than a public calamity. But perhaps the forecast is that of an impossibility. Let us hope that it is.

4. With such a law upon our statute books, the Dominion government would no longer be so distinctly under pressure from a traffic that must be both financially and politically strong so long as it has any legal status. This does not mean that the men who had wielded such influence up to the very hour in which the statute outlawed their business, would find that their power had been utterly annihilated by it. But it does mean that they would at once find themselves very greatly weakened and discredited. Every man of the better class among them would speedily retire from the business, and those who remained in it would suffer from unwonted limitations on the one hand, and from a continual sense of ill-desert and insecurity on the other. Consequently their political weight would be but a small fraction of what it is now.

The value of entire prohibition will indeed be great, and its day is drawing constantly nearer.

HALIFAX, N.S.

MY REFUGE.*

IN the secret of His presence, how my soul delights to hide ;
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side !
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the "secret place" I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing,
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring ;
And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet ;
If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know : I tell Him all my doubts, and griefs and fears.
Oh, how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers.
Do you think He ne'er reproves me ? What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see !

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord ?
Go and hide beneath His shadow ; this shall then be your reward ;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy ;
You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side ;
In the secret of His presence you may every moment hide.

*These lines were written by Ellen L. Goreh, a Brahmin of the highest caste, adopted daughter of Rev. W. T. Stons, Bradford, England.

THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.—THE TIDES ALONG SHORE.

“Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men;
 Till by their own perplexities involved
 They ravel more, still less resolved.”

—*Milton.*

TOM EPP maintained so long a silence toward the parson that the good man began to fear that the fisherman had elected not to leave all and follow Christ. But on a pleasant evening, about sunset, Tom invited the preacher to enter his boat and row out with him beyond the Cove. Tom waited until they were a safe distance from the land, and then, resting his arms on the oars, he set forth his difficulty. “Look ye here, parson, I’ve been overhauling the books, and I see it’s a bad lookout for them as don’t turn to the Lord,” expressing some uneasiness, at the same time, about his parents.

“If you will fully give yourself to God, Tom Epp, you will feel able to leave your parents’ case with him also ‘Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope;’ perhaps unknown to you such a work went on in your mother’s heart. I have only one word for you, Tom. Christ said to Peter when he asked, ‘What shall this man do?’ ‘What is that to thee? Follow thou Me.’ So He says to you, ‘Submit yourself, therefore, under the mighty hand of God; resist the devil and he will flee from you.’”

Tom suddenly turned the boat about, and began rowing vigorously toward shore. As the keel grated on the sands, he said with a deep breath, “There! I’ve had a hard pull against a lot of temptations. Just overhaul me the Book, and let us have that Scrip-ter about casting all our care.”

The minister took the Bible which Tom pulled out of his locker, and, marking the passage, went away. After that hour Tom, with Bess and Rolf, was most frequently with the minister; many hours they passed together on the shingle, and the simple-minded Tom Epp seemed as much a young pupil to the parson as the other two. To Tom the truths of the Scripture came with a singular freshness and beauty. To hear was to obey, though the new law was frequently met with a burst of wailing over the long years wasted in its neglect.

To this minister, who had a devotion to his Master’s work, like that of Brainard and Payson, no hours were better or more happily spent than those when he was leading these young disciples on the upward way. Having been brought up in utter neglect of the Bible—the truths, the precepts, and the illustrations of history and of biography therein contained were quite new to them.

The preacher, Rolf, Bess, and Tom were sitting one evening on the headland. The calmness and beauty of the scene about them, with something of the Eden-like purity lingering over nature in these lonely places, perhaps suggested the teacher's theme—the Nazarites of old. He told them of these consecrated ones; of their early dedication; of their holy law; of Joseph, the one who was "separated from his brethren," and never swerved from his godliness; of Sampson the Nazarite who was strong; and of Hannah, the Nazarite mother of a consecrated son. These were "the precious sons of Zion comparable to fine gold"—"her Nazarites, purer than snow." "Nor," said the teacher, "need the law of the Nazarite be obsolete in these days. The Church has great need of those who are consecrated indeed to the Lord; who will live holily before their fellows. We have fallen on degenerate days. Even in the Church men conform themselves to the deeds of the world. They tell me I am a fanatic when I say that Christian men and women should eschew strong drink, whereby so many of their fellows are destroyed; that the hand that in the communion receives the bread and wine should not be soiled with the cards that bring so many men to ruin; that those who avowedly sit at the feet of Jesus to learn His ways should not sit in the seat of the scorners in the playhouse; that the same mind that professes to feed upon the Word of God should not fill itself with the loose, the profane, or the scoffing book; that those who belong to the assembly of the saints, and by any sudden call might be led into the house not made with hands, should not be found here sharing the assemblies and amusements of the ungodly. This is no hard, ungenial life I offer you, my children. Christ and His work are enough to fill with happy activity any human soul. But in these days the sons of God follow the ways of the sons of Belial. The Nazarites, who should be whiter than snow, have 'their visage blacker than a coal, and are not known in the streets.' And yet the day is coming, though it may be after our time, when the Church will awake to her lofty duties; when she will eschew rioting and drunkenness, and follow after temperance and sobriety and purity in the fear of the Lord. Yes, the day will come."

"We need not wait for that far-off day," said Bess with flashing eyes. "We can bring it near by living such a Christian life now."

"It will be easy for the lass," said Tom, looking proudly at his little friend. "Parson, I don't believe one drop of strong drink has ever been in her mouth, though everybody uses it at the Cove more or less, and all over the world, I reckon, as well. A sober, busy, honest-spoken child has our Bess always been—sort of a Nazarite by natur'. And Rolf there, he's a good boy, too—Rolf don't drink."

"Not much," said Rolf, flushing—"a grog now and then on shipboard, like the rest. But I'll not take that any more. I've gone to the theatres and song-saloons in port, and to the grog-shops to stand treat; but this other life you show us is better than that, parson, and here I promise you and Bess and Tom to take no more

liquor, play no cards, go to no irreligious amusements. If I'm going to serve God, I'll not do it by halves. And now for you, Tom!"

"Oh! but I'm a bad un," said Tom, shaking his head mournfully. "I might knock off now, but what an awful score I've got against me for all them things! Why, I've spent months, take them all in all, up at the 'Blue Mackerel.'"

"Well, it's never too late to mend," laughed Rolf.

"Oh! I'm going to mend," said Tom. "When I get down to the *Dancer*, I'll take the bottle I got filled with rum yesterday, and I'll give it to Jenkins."

"No, no, Tom," said the minister, unable to restrain a smile at his neophyte; "it will be as bad for Jenkins as for you. Better throw it to the fishes."

"They know better than to touch such stuff," said Bess.

But, like his Master and His brethren, the preacher did not find all the seed he sowed falling into good ground, and thus bringing forth fruit, thirty-fold, sixty, an hundred-fold. The parable of the sower is for ever true. When he preached in Jim Wren's hearing or went to him in private, beseeching him in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God, the seed fell indeed by the wayside, and then came that wicked one, who had enslaved this poor wretch with strong drink, and caught away the seed sown in his heart.

Aunt Kezzy, of the "Blue Mackerel," was one of those who received the seed in stony places. Anon her joy was great. When others wept, she wept; when others spoke of serving God, it seemed good to Aunt Kezzy to serve Him also; when heaven was the theme, Aunt Kezzy hoped to go to that city of gold as soon as ever she had finished making what money she could out of the "Blue Mackerel."

Now, the minister could be severe as well as gracious. When he went to the "Blue Mackerel" (and had declined the glass of spirits which Aunt Kezzy brought him into the parlour), Aunt Kezzy sat down, and told him fluently that she had been a great sinner, but now meant to serve the Lord.

"And when the sinner desires to serve the Lord," said the preacher, "he must forsake his sins. So you, my friend, if out of an honest heart you would seek the Lord, you must be ready to give up what is wrong in yourself and has been a cause of wrong to others. He who is forgiven much loves much; he who loves much will sacrifice much. If your sins, which are many—"

"Oh! well," interrupted Aunt Kezzy, "as many as other people's, though not so many after all, nor so bad as some. A good neighbour and an honest, careful woman, I've always made it a point of being; but I see something more is needed, and now I'm going to be a church member."

"I will tell you plainly," said the minister, bending his brows sternly at her, "that without regard to the doings of other people, your sins should afflict your soul. Have you not lived forty years in indifference to the will of God? Have you not laughed at the

profanation of His name, neglected His Book, broken His Sabbaths, despised His work, and lived upon the price of souls? Did not Epp's father die a miserable drunkard, made a drunkard at this very house? Is not Jim Wren going daily to destruction, getting so much rum here that he cannot keep sober enough to hear any plain preaching of the Gospel? Are these small matters?

"I must say," cried Aunt Kezzy, "I never thought you'd turn on me this way. As for the rum, why, it isn't bad for them that don't abuse it, and I ain't to blame for them that do. All the ministers I ever heard of, before you, take their grog. One of the biggest stills in the State is owned by a deacon. If it's right to make it and take it, why is it only wrong to sell it?"

"But I believe it is not right to make it or take it, because it is yearly the cause of death to souls; and if we traffic in the accursed cause of his ruin, we are verily guilty concerning our brother. I know that in these unhappy days I stand almost alone in this matter; but the time is coming speedily, when the voice of the whole Church shall be lifted up with mine, and when men who, while they do not love God above all, yet love their fellow-men generously, will cry out against the man who makes, and who sells, and who drinks, strong drink. But I put this matter to your awakened conscience. You see Jim Wren going old Epp's way to death; you see mind, body, and soul perishing in his dram-drinking; you know that he steals his daughter's wages, and pays them away for gin at your bar. Now, in the presence of God, do you sufficiently fear your Maker and love your neighbour to reach out even one hand to stop this man's career to ruin? Will you cease selling this one man the poison that is destroying his soul?"

"That's a hard way to talk to a married woman, parson," whimpered Aunt Kezzy. "The 'Blue Mackerel' don't belong to me; it's my old man is master here, and I can't help his making an honest living as he likes."

"But do you *want* to hinder it? Will you use your influence against it? Will you stop selling drams yourself? Will you interpose your influence just for this *one* unhappy man?"

"I can't say as I will," said Aunt Kezzy, "for honest folk must make their living. We've got the law on our side, and we can't refuse them as chooses to spend their money with us. It's like they know what's best for 'em; and we can't go to refuse a man always when he hasn't money, for it gives us an ill name and spoils our custom; and me and my old man has only ourselves to look to, that we don't get to the poor-house in our old age."

"You have the eternal God to look to, if you will follow Him. 'I have been young,' says David, 'and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread?'"

"No, nor I," said Aunt Kezzy, "if he'd laid up a snug bit of money for them and him; that's what makes sure of bread in this world."

"Do you know," said the minister, "that a heavy judgment will

fall on him who lays a snare for his neighbour's feet. 'God is angry with the wicked every day.'"

It was thus that forty years ago men of God did not fear or fail "to declare the whole counsel of God," "and to rebuke men sharply, that they may be sound in the faith." But there are some who will not endure sound doctrine, in whose heart the good seed has no root; and "it dureth for a little while, and then vanisheth away." Of such was Aunty Kezzy.

The early autumn came. Captain Adams and Rolf had set sail once more—for a long voyage now; their ship, leaving New York, was to sail through the bright tropic seas, toward the cold waters that circle the southern pole, and round that stormy cape that keeps guard beyond the outmost coast of Patagonia.

It seemed harder than ever to leave the dear ones, united now by nearer ties than before; and yet it was easier, in that the parted friends felt the one God over all, near to all them that call upon Him, watching them equally on ocean and on shore. On seas never so wide these sailors felt that they could not drift out of their good Father's keeping.

Over some souls at Lucky Cove the preacher could lament, "The harvest is passed, and the summer is ended, and ye are not saved;" but yet not a few souls had here been added to the Lord. And now, with the first chill breath of the winter, came the gathering of another harvest. There were no eyes enlightened as David's when he "saw the angel stand above the threshing-floor of Ornan, with a drawn sword in his hand, stretched out over Jerusalem," to see now the "angel of the Lord, standing between heaven and earth," with his hand extended over this lovely village, where until now only healthful breezes had been borne.

They saw not the angel, but felt his power.

Some said that a pestilence had invaded the waters, and that the fish had become poisonous food; others fancied that a taint of some strange disease was in the goods that had come from Portsmouth; others listened to the school-master talking learnedly of malarious spores borne on atmospheric currents. Whatever it was, the disease spread through the terrified town, and the skill of the old woman wise in the virtue of herbs, and the little knowledge possessed by the school-master of some dozen medicaments, were quite set at defiance. The country doctor, eight miles off, who administered to men, horses, and cattle when need was, came now frequently to the village; and when one of the long bedridden ones and two pretty children had been carried to the burying-ground, Master Hastings mounted the minister's famous horse, and went the weary forty miles to Portsmouth, to consult the doctors there and bring one of them, or some well-skilled pupil of theirs, to the rescue of Lucky Cove.

The doctors talked about new diseases, and medicines did little good. Two more low brown ridges of earth, with the early snow drifted in fringes along their edges, showed that the graveyard had received the fourth and fifth victims of the pestilence.

Tom Epp became very ill, and Master Hastings removed him from his forlorn home to his own good home, where Christine could nurse him.

On the bed where his wife had died Jim Wren lay very ill, and poor Lucy was deprived of the comforting presence of her best friends, because Bess was watching by a dying mother.

Others in the village were sick, and all were alarmed. Lucy Wren had not now that neighbourly assistance that had soothed her mother's last days; the two most frequently sharing the girl's miserable task were Aunt Kezzy and the minister.

Aunt Kezzy had done her part in helping to destroy Jim Wren, and she was now just as earnestly doing her part to save him. She carried bedding from her house to Lucy, she sent fuel and pots of soup, and she brought a big black bottle of New England rum, thinking that than this nothing was better in sickness and in health, and that it might be likely to comfort Jim Wren in his troubles to know that he had a good quart of rum, for which he need pay nothing! Aunt Kezzy strongly urged Lucy "to take a swallow of the rum frequently." She assured her that it was "good to renew the strength, keep off contagion, rouse her when she was sleepy, prevent her taking cold in night-watching, and calculated to build her up more than any other one thing."

Lucy doubted, and did not try the boasted prescription. Capt. Hastings sent her a pound of excellent tea, and this she prepared for herself and the invalid.

When Aunt Kezzy was his watcher, Jim, in spite of doctor, Lucy, and parson, got many a stiff cup of grog. Aunt Kezzy felt sure that it was good for him, and it was her way of atoning for any past evil which she might have done him; for in solemn vigils, when the unconscious invalid's face looked ghastly in the flickering firelight, Aunt Kezzy had reproachful memories and sharp recollections of what the parson had said to her.

But day by day the illness increased, and these three, Jim Wren, Tom Epp, and Mrs. Adams, seemed to near the crisis of their disease at the same time. It was a dark day at the Cove when all three lives hung trembling in the balance. At Master Hastings', Christine, the Dane, and an old comrade of Tom's watched the poor sailor lying at death's door. At Mrs. Adams', the old mother, the little daughters, and a neighbour or two watched the slow ebbing of a precious life. But Aunt Kezzy had felt suddenly ill, and had gone home in haste; and while a winter storm howled about her home and drifted the snow in at door and window, Lucy Wren kept her watch alone. The minister went from one house to another, just where each sick one was most needing, and best able to receive, his ministrations.

During Jim Wren's sickness the minister had been frequently with him, and most earnest in his efforts to bring him to a sense of danger or a desire for God's mercy in Christ. Jim heard as though he heard not; he could realize nothing of what death was, nothing of what might be for good or ill beyond this present life. Only when Aunt Kezzy was with him did he arouse to

anything like interest, and then only to demand that she should mix his grog in some of the various ways for which she had acquired a village fame.

But now Aunt Kezzy was gone, and it was night, the wind raging and the snow drifting deep without, and Lucy Wren sat on the side of her father's bed, crying and praying, while he lay in a lethargy, that was fast passing into death.

This, indeed, was a bitter hour. In startling contrast to it came up that lovely June afternoon, when, in a happy calm, her mother went her way into the heavenly city, while loving friends stood about, seeing how a Christian could die.

The minister had come in at ten o'clock, and finding Jim unconscious, and knowing that Mrs. Adams was desirous of seeing him, went away.

About midnight Jim awoke, and made an effort to rise. Lucy lifted his head upon an additional pillow, and asked him how he felt. He looked at her with a strange horror growing in his eyes. "*I feel afraid, girl,*" he said in an awful voice—"afraid. I'm going to die: to go somewhere in the dark. Keep me, keep me here with ye, Lucy."

"O father!" sobbed Lucy. "I cannot keep you; but if you will give only one look to the Lord Jesus, He will keep you. He will be close by you, to take you to a home where mother is. Then you need not be afraid, dear father; if you look to Him, He will drive away all fear."

"I tell you I'm *afraid*," said Jim hoarsely. "There's only one thing can keep my heart up. Give it to me, girl; give me a good glass of grog. When I have *that*, I'm never afraid."

"Don't, don't, father," moaned Lucy. "Think of Christ. O father! the grog ruins you; don't ask it."

"Just like your mother," said Jim bitterly, "always setting herself again my only comfort. Obey me, you little fool, and bring that grog."

"Oh! I cannot, I cannot," wailed the poor girl.

"If I had strength in my arm," gasped Jim, clutching at the bed-clothes, "you'd do it or die." Then he turned to entreaty. "O my girl! help me. *I'm afraid*. Bring me the grog, I say, to give me the courage to die."

The reason for his demand was something so fearful that it gave Lucy courage to resist him. "O, my father! let me pray for you. Pray with me, for the love of Jesus, my poor, poor father!"

He passed into a frenzy of rage. "Get me that grog; get it, or I'll die cursing you! Give me my rum, so I won't be afraid. You won't? Misery upon you, you bad, cruel child! May you die like a dog, with no one to give you a drop of water! May your bones—"

It was more than Lucy could bear; with a wild cry like a hunted animal she darted to the table, and began to pour out the grog he desired. As he heard the rum gurgle in the glass, he became suddenly pleased and friendly. Lucy poured, she

knew not how much, and in a blind agony rushed with it to his bed, and thrust it into the vise-like grip of his shaking, bony hand. Then, as he pressed it to his lips, she covered her face with her hands, and with a passionate burst of woe ran to the settle, and, throwing herself down there with her arms over her head, gave way to her grief.

"Good girl! I'll take that curse back, Lucy. Ah! I'm fine and hearty now. I'll be all right to-morrow. Ah!—"

Just here the door opened, and the minister, his hair and shoulders covered with snow, came in from the storm. Jim Wren's eyes fell on him, and in a loud, unnatural voice he cried, "Come in, parson; I'm all right now. I ain't afraid to die now. I was, but what I got from Lucy gave me such heart I ain't afraid any more."

The minister stepped hastily to the bed. The empty glass lay by Jim's nerveless hand. The strong smell of the liquor hung over the death-bed. "Jim, Jim!" he said in a faltering voice.

"I'm all right," cried Jim, flinging his arms over his head—"all right." And his arms fell, and he dropped out of life—wrong for evermore.

Lucy sprang up from the settle at that cry and the great silence that followed. She gave one look at the pallid, distorted face on the bed, with wide-open eyes set in a horrid stare, and fell as if lifeless upon the floor.

The minister laid her upon the settle, and returned into the storm to send some of the neighbours to the home of the dead drunkard.

Only an hour later, with a loving look on those who stood about her and a tender message to the absent, Annie Adams passed into "the glory that excelleth," where her "eyes might behold the King in His beauty."

When the gray winter morning dawned faint and late, and the tide was creeping sullenly in along the shore, the ebbing tides of life turned and renewed their strength in Tom Epp's veins; for in the crisis of the night some breath of the Merciful One had whispered above him, "This sickness is not unto death, but that the Son of Man may be glorified thereby."

This was the day that dawned on Lucky Cove: Jim Wren lying stiff and stark, his face knotted in a frown; Annie Adams on her white bed, calm as one very happily "fallen on sleep;" Tom Epp returning to strength—for "one shall be taken, and another left."

CHAPTER V.—CAPTAIN ADAMS' CHART.

"Thou hidden love of God, whose height,"
Whose depth, unfathomed no man knows!
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for Thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee."

The summer found many changes at Lucky Cove—more than had heretofore occurred in ten years' time. The graveyard, as we have seen, was fuller. Jim Wren no longer staggered day after day to the "Blue Mackerel." The landlord had taken Jim's place as toper-extraordinary. Partly out of fear during the time of sickness, partly out of a spiteful opposition to the parson, the landlord suddenly doubled his always large daily allowance of liquor, and, as he sat on the great settle in the corner, it was evident that old Epp and Jim Wren were to be avenged in the destruction of their destroyer.

The village blacksmith had been one of the victims of the winter's sickness, and a distant relative of Lucy Wren had come from near Portsmouth to fill his place. This man, named Sawyer, and his wife took Wren's cottage, and Lucy was to remain with them, supporting herself, as usual, by sewing. A very pretty, mild, refined young woman of nineteen, Lucy found her happiness very little increased by living with the Sawyers, who were careless, noisy, and frequently ill-tempered.

Master Hastings and the minister had secured part of the long, low building which formed the village store, and arranged it as their church-room, where in spite of the low ceiling, bare walls, and hard benches, a congregation gathered every Sabbath. Aunt Kezzy soon ceased her attendance, and with her new gossip, Mrs. Sawyer, had a deal of fault to find with the minister. The landlord vowed that the parson had nearly ruined Lucky Cove by his new-fangled ways. There were those, however, who rejoiced greatly in the light and hope that had dawned on this place, where until now there had been a very unusual indifference and ignorance concerning religion; where, while there had been little flagrant vice (for poverty and hard work had served to keep the people out of mischief), there had been no piety, and God had not been in all their thoughts.

The school-master, who had long held aloof from the work of grace, was now an earnest supporter of the pastor, and the children who were gathered at the Corners had the advantage of their predecessors in the religious teaching which they received.

Capt. Adams' voyage was a long one; he was absent for fourteen months, and his wife had been ten months in her grave when he returned home. The news of his loss had reached him long before, but it came to him in all its fulness when once again he reached the Cove; and, as he passed along the streets, the smile of greeting upon friendly faces died away into a look of honest

sympathy, and while the kindly pressure of the hand told the thought of each heart, scarcely a word was spoken until the Captain and Rolf came in sight of Master Hasting's house, and of the master himself sitting on the porch.

The old Dane strode forth to greet his son in the hearty, foreign fashion of kissing him on both cheeks. Then he wrung Captain Adams' hand, saying:

"It's a hard home-coming, friend. I went through this trouble years ago, and I've never been half a man since."

Yes, in spite of the tender old mother's face and the dear welcomes of Bess and Kate, Captain Adams felt his home-coming hard enough.

"I could not have borne up under such a trouble, Bess," he said when, with his favourite child, he went that evening to the farther headland, and sat down by his wife's grassy grave; "I should have become desperate, only for the Book and the promises of God. I can't see how men weather great storms without such help. Now, you see, I know that she is happy, because the Saviour says, 'Father, I will that those whom Thou has given Me be with Me where I am,' and she is now sharing those good things which the Lord has laid up for those that love Him. When my trouble comes breaking over me like a great wave, then I go to the Book, and read about the city of God, and it seems as if a gate were so set open for me to look right into heaven. I tell you, my girl, the longer you live, the truer you'll find it, that there is a great profit in godliness; there is nothing like it to help one over the hard places of this life, then there's all the glory that's going to be hereafter."

"I wish," said Bess, resting her head on her father's knee, as her eyes filled with tears, "that we could all have gone with her; it's dreadfully hard living without any mother."

"Yes, child; but I don't know as it's exactly fair to wish to defraud the Lord out of any of our working-hours that way, even though they are heavy hours to us, when we make sure that He'll give us our wages of eternal life. It is not honourable to dock the work just in our eagerness to get the pay. You know, Bess, we were 'not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ;' and, if He gave His blood for us, we ought right gladly to give our lives to Him, and to be even anxious to have them as long as possible, so we can show our love in more service."

"Father," said Bess, lifting up her head and looking at him very earnestly, "you are quite different from what you used to be; and you know so much of the Bible, you must study it all the time."

"The Bible's my chart, child; and since I know that I sail on dangerous seas, I study my chart constantly, as a seaman should. It's wonderful what there is in that Book. How it lays down every rock and reef and shoal; how it gives you the whole coast; what wrecks and what escapes and what splendid sailing you find told of in it; what narrow passages some craft squeezed

through; what a dangerous shoal was that Samson made, and how nobly was he lifted off safe by the tide at last; look you how Solomon made port, with all his topsails carried away, cargo all flung overboard, and such a leaking going on you'd have thought sure he'd swamp; what a storm was that for David when he lost his mainmast, but he mended up finely again; what a grand cruise did Joseph make, and how well old Abraham came into port with all sails set; what a staunch ship was that Nehemiah; and there was Peter—he always would carry too much sail, until he got laid over in a gale and his spars broken; once he'd taken out the axes and cleared away the wreck, he was so top-heavy, and what a voyage *he* made! Yes, my girl, I read these things by day, and, like David, I meditate on them in the night-watches. There's hardly a place so good in the world for pondering over the Word of God as when one's pacing up and down the quarter-deck. It seems to me a sailor's life is a specially good one for being religious in; you're away from the stir and temptation of the shore, and have plenty of time to think of your duty. But probably the truth is that every man's position is just the easiest place for him to be religious in, and that all ranks of life are equally fit for serving our Lord, if we'd only think so. Daniel was in all manner of situations, but he found one just as good as another for doing his duty."

"And can you do as much good on ship as on shore?" asked the earnest Bess. "I always like to think of *doing* something. A ship's rather a small place to work in."

"It's large enough, if a man will do with his might whatsoever his hand finds to do. It's larger than a man of my measure can fill; but I try to do what I can. You see, Bess, a captain in his ship is a sort of a king, and, if he uses his power right, he can do a deal of good. 'No swearing' is one of my rules. 'No Sabbath-breaking' is another. Every morning and evening all hands are piped to prayers. On Sunday I have a little service, a prayer and some Scripture, and I bought a good book or two in New York, and some of the hymns; and I read out to the crew, and they've got most of them so they can sing out pretty well. It sounds fine indeed over the water, Bess, and was often a comfort to me when my heart was aching. Then, in port, a captain can do much, if he keeps it in mind, to keep the other captains whom he meets out of mischief."

"But about the men, father. They were all used to swearing, and what did you do when you found them breaking your rule?—which they often would out of habit."

"Why, my girl, I said to them, 'So boys, if you won't keep your tongues clean, you'll keep the masts of this bark clean;' so whenever a man swore, he had so much time, more or less, to scrape the masts. For a while, Bess, those masts were wonderfully clean—one would think them brand-new wood; but by the time we got home the men's tongues were kept cleaner, and the masts were just as masts ordinarily are. So with the prayers, Bess. Some of the men set themselves to jibe secretly at them. Well, I

marked the lads out, and I said, 'It's disrespect to your Maker; but somehow you think you have a right to disrespect Him. But it's disrespect also to your captain, and I'll masthead you for that. If you don't feel able to take a lookout over the voyage of life without sneering, you may get up into the main-top for an hour, and try the lookout from there; and just bear in mind if I, your captain, punish a simple jeer at *my* service, what is that great Captain upon high likely to do to those who scorn Him and His words?' I think that set a solemn light on it, Bess; for I hadn't to masthead many of them. The poor fellows, for the most part, took to the religion as if they were hungry for it. And then Rolf was a great help to me."

"And why not have another such help?" cried Bess. "There is Tom Epp; he would do good among the crew, father, and all these wintry days and stormy nights I'd like so much to think that good Tom was with you on the ship."

"Why, that's a good thought, Bess, and I'll try to take Tom along as cockswain. But never you fear for me when the storms come up, my child; just remember who 'holds the winds in His fist.'"

Tom readily accepted the proposition to sail with Captain Adams on his next voyage, which was to be to Cuba; though so accustomed had the honest fellow grown to his fishing and his life along shore that he felt a little sadness, as of parting from an old friend and an accustomed happiness, when he went out with his *Dancer* for a few last trips.

"And have you kept to what you learned about the Nazarites?" asked Tom of Rolf, who was sitting in the boat with him.

"Yes, Tom; but that's easy enough in a ship with Captain Adams."

"Why, what! has he given up a glass of grog, and has he none on board the ship?" asked Tom in surprise.

"Oh! he takes his glass at dinner, just as everybody does, except us three and the minister; then the men get their grog of course. They wouldn't ship if they could not have that, and they'd think themselves likely to die for want of it. Though just look at me, Tom; I'm strong and hearty, and I can get along in storm or shine, day or night, with nothing stronger than coffee. But then, Tom, Captain Adams don't let the men get drunk or get too much by selling their rations to each other or paying debts with them. If a man doesn't want his grog for his own drinking, he gets paid for it down on the spot, and the rations is not served out. That is a great help. But, Tom, how have *you* got on ashore here?"

"It's been a fearful hard pull for me," said Tom earnestly. "Why, Rolf, I wouldn't have thought I had so much sin dwelling in me. I'm a great deal worse than Paul was when he had to roar out about being a miserable man. It would surprise you, Rolf; and I am glad you have laid yourself upon a right course in the days of your youth. Then you will never know what a tough struggle a man has who has neglected everything religious

until he is thirty-seven years old. I tell you, Rolf, I often feel as if there was a squall blowing on me from the four corners of the sky all at once. If I run before one wind, it is only to fly in the teeth of another; if I tack before one gust, I'm caught in another; and when I'm shaping my course to prevent getting capsized by one black squall, I'm laid on my beam-ends by one from an opposite quarter."

Jolly Rolf burst into a roar of laughter at this description of Tom's seafaring. "I should think you'd have gone to the bottom altogether, Tom."

But Tom shook his head. "Ah! Mr. Hastings, I would have gone to the bottom long ago but for the Captain aboard my poor, miserable craft. After all there's a Hand on my helm, Rolf, that can put me safe into port in the heaviest gales or the darkest nights. That was a true word the parson told me when I feared I couldn't hold out in the service of God: 'I have laid help on One that is mighty.'"

The day for the departure came. Rolf, Tom, the captain, were again ready to set off. Captain Adams and Bess went for one more look at the grave on the headland.

"Warned is armed, my brave lass," said the Captain. "If I mistake not, I have seen my dear old mother for the last time in this world. I'm thinking, Bess, that you will soon see another grave made hereabout; but the dear old heart goes to her rest like a shock of corn fully ripe. She will enter into the joy of her Lord, Bess; and when the cruise has been so long, and often so hard, we won't grudge her going before us to her port. May the arm of the Lord be about her! She's been a rare good mother to me—to all of us."

"But we'll be *alone*, father," said Bess, shrinking at the thought.

"I've spoken to Master Hastings, and he'll see that all is done right for you," said the captain. "Don't let a shadow fall on her last days, Bess. Be beforehand with every wish. Before she has a chance to know a want, do you supply it. Don't leave her alone one hour, and show her that you keep near her out of *love*."

This was a good son's last care for his mother. Old Mrs. Adams had reached the limit of fourscore, and the hour of her departure was now near at hand. Hers was a "time of peace." Calm and satisfied in this life, and confident of the better life which is to come, she was unconsciously and imperceptibly fading out of earth, as the twilight fades imperceptibly into darkness. A winter's day was closing; the old lady was knitting in her chair by the window, Kate was reading to her the psalm she loved, and Bess was getting ready the supper, when, as the golden cord was gently loosed, the knitting slid from her withered fingers, and when Bess laid her hand on her arm, saying, "Come to supper, grandmother," the daily cares and ways of this life had, as often happens, brushed very near that other life, and the silver-haired old woman had already gone in to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

When the grandmother was laid under the snow, the minister

brought his books from Master Hastings'; and as Bess and Kate were capital little housekeepers, and the neighbour who for some years had aided in their domestic labours was faithful, with occasional oversight from Christine, the little family was kept together for the winter.

Spring brought back Captain Adams, and the question he put to himself, and was asked by his neighbours, was, "What was he now to do with these two daughters of twelve and fourteen years old, thus left to his sole protection?"

Bess answered it for him: "Take us to sea with you, father. You always promised we should go; and now there are so few of us we ought to keep together. Kate and I can live nicely on board the ship. There are two little rooms, you have told me, in your cabin—one for you and one for us; and I can learn to sail a ship and go to sea with you all my life."

"But there's the house, Bess," said the captain. "I don't fancy renting it to strangers, even if I could find anyone to take it. It was built by my poor father when he married, and he did part of the work with his own hands. I was born in it, and it has been my only home all my life, and every stick of furniture brings up something of my history. If we shut it up month after month, it would go to ruin as much as by renting to careless strangers."

"Oh! but I know, father; let the minister go on living there. It is a nice, quiet place, and old Jane and Christine can keep it in order for him. Then, whenever we come home, we can go right there again. Try that, father."

It was such a pleasant vision to Captain Adams, this gathering his broken household together in the ship, and having something of domestic life there, that he could not refuse the urgent entreaties of his children to live for a time at least on board the *Seabird*. Accordingly, preparations were at once made for departure. The captain had the village carpenter prepare a stout sea-chest, and Lucy Wren was called upon to aid in making up strong, blue flannel dresses and heavy, woollen coats and hoods for the young voyagers.

Lucy sat with the two girls sewing on these garments with a heavy heart. The death of their mother and grandmother had deprived her of her best elder friends, and these two girls, though so much her juniors, had been her favourite companions.

"It seems as if my heart would fairly break with loneliness when you are gone," said Lucy. "Mary Sawyer is so noisy and ill-tempered that I dread to stay in the room with her. I keep in my little garret up-stairs whenever I can, but on cold days I must be by the fire. Sawyer fills the place with smoke when he is home, and they both seem to be drinking beer and grog perpetually, while the people that come there continually are the very ones that my mother saw the least of. It is such a contrast to the neat, quiet home mother made of it when I was a child. And it never was noisy or dirty until now, for poor father could always be kept quiet, and I had the place clean, if ever so poor."

"Dear me!" cried Kate, "why I'd go away, I'm sure."

"But where would I go?" asked Lucy. "I have never been ten miles from the Cove, and haven't a relation that I know of. Here I can support myself by sewing, and very likely I could not do that among strangers. No one in the village has more house-room than they need for themselves, except Aunt Kezzy, and I *could not* live there, where my poor father got his ruin; so I and my three or four boxes of property must stay with the Sawyers."

When the last day at home came, Lucy finished the packing of the blue chest, and with many a tear bade her friends good-by. The minister had put his horse to the store-keeper's waggon, and was to drive the travellers to the stage-office, eight miles distant.

The captain, Rolf, the two girls, Tom Epp, and two chests were in the waggon. Lucy smiled bravely, and told the minister she would have his supper ready for him and the house in order when he came home in the evening. Then she went into the deserted kitchen, and sat down to cry for the departure of her best—she almost felt then her only—friends.

Meanwhile all the village people came to the doors to shout good-by, and Aunt Kezzy and her husband stood at the door of the "Blue Mackerel."

"Stop a bit, stop a bit!" cried the landlord. "Don't go off without a parting glass and a health all round. Kezzy's brewed a special pot of drink to wish you a safe return."

"Oh! I'm not thirsty," said Rolph, laughing, as the minister reined up his horse.

"Thirsty! But people don't wait to be *thirsty* when they drink. There'd be precious little trade here if they did. Why, they drink because they like it and its good for them," said Aunt Kezzy.

"Come in, come in," urged the landlord. "No use asking the parson, for he don't know a good thing when he sees it."

Rolf, Tom, and the girls shook their heads, and Captain Adams jumped out of the waggon. He put his arm in the landlord's, and led him on one side. "Old friend," he said, "thank ye kindly for thinking of our going, and for wishing us health and safety; but I'll not drink to it with you, and I'll tell you why. I take my glass now and then, as I always have, but never with a man who is getting in a habit of taking too much; for, old crony, you're getting in a bad way, as Epp did, who was as stout a man as any of us, and like poor Jim Wren, who once stood without his equal in the Cove. Friend, I'm fearing you will go from bad to worse, if you don't knock off a bit. Doctors, they say, are wise when they take little of their own medicines, and landlords are on the side of safety when they do not often taste their own wares. Now, friend, a hearty good-by and God bless you, and when I come back may I see you and the old 'Blue Mackerel' in a better trim!"

The captain shook hands with Aunt Kezzy and jumped into the waggon, leaving the landlord with his eyes fixed intently on a corner of the porch floor.

"I stopped," explained the captain to his companions, "to give him a word of advice. He's drinking far too^a much."

"I presume," said the minister, "that you did not advise total abstinence, and if you did not your advice will be no good."

"It would do no good if I gave *that* advice," said the captain, "for a man like him *couldn't* or wouldn't stand total abstinence. He would break up under it."

"He'll break up without it," said the minister. "Look at me, at Tom, at these young people. Is abstinence from liquor hurting us? It is only abstaining from a hurtful thing."

"You were not in the *habit* of drinking liquor like the landlord; and then I never have found a moderate amount hurtful."

"I will not argue with you," said the minister, sighing. "I will only say that our taking a harmless, moderate amount may cause our weak brother to take a harmful, immoderate amount. Thus we cause our brother to offend, and you know the words of the apostle: 'If *meat* make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat till the day I die, nor anything whereby my brother offendeth.'"

"I bear that in mind," responded the captain; "and so, as I said to the landlord, I never drink with a man who takes too much liquor, lest I cause him to offend."

It was thus that thirty or forty years ago the best of people and the most advanced of thinkers looked upon the temperance question. Liquor was then regarded something as lobster-salad is now—a choice and excellent compound, needful to a polite entertainment, and wholesome to some; while as for those whose stomachs were incapable of digesting it, they must be moderate or refrain, according to the necessities of their case. If there were a dozen authentic instances of death from lobster-salad, none of the rest of us who liked it would stop indulging in that delectable dish.

It has taken many years and much labour and enlightenment to show men that there is more than a "lobster-salad" question involved in the temperance cause, and some yet fail to see it.

THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

O WEARY soul ! that yet with willing feet
 Wouldst tread o'er many a hard and rugged way
 In uncomplaining toil, and never stay
 Until within His court thine eyes should meet
 The splendour of His look—to thee be sweet .
 That kindly word He spake, "Unto Me pray
 Not as the hypocrites in blaze of day,
 In public paths, or in the open street ;
 But in thy closet kneeling, there within,
 Unto Me make thy prayer, to Me thy moan ;
 And I will hear in heaven, where I abide.
 Lo ! I will bring thee cleansing for thy sin,
 Yea, we together shall commune alone ;
 Shut thou thy door—heaven's gate will open wide."

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THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER IV.—THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

JULIUS SANDAL had precisely those superficial excellences which the world is ready to accept at their apparent value; and he had been in so many schools, and imbibed such a variety of opinions, that he had a mental suit for all occasions. "He knows about everything," said Sandal to the clergyman, at the close of an evening spent together—an evening in which Julius had been particularly interesting. "Don't you think so, sir?"

The rector looked up at the starry sky, and around the mountain-girdled valley, and answered slowly, "He has a great many ideas, squire; but they are second-hand, and do not fit his intellect."

Charlotte had much the same opinion of the paragon, only she expressed it in a different way. "He believes in everything, and he might as well believe in nothing. Confucius and Christ are about the same to him, and he thinks Juggernaut only 'a clumsier spelling of a name which no man spells correctly.'"

"His mind is like a fine mosaic, Charlotte."

"Oh, indeed, Sophia, I don't think so! Mosaics have a design and fit it. The mind of Julius is more like that quilt of a thousand pieces which grandmother patched. There they are, the whole thousand, just bits of colour, all sizes and shapes. I would rather have a good square of white Marseilles."

"I don't think you ought to speak in such a way, Charlotte. You can't help seeing how much he admires you."

There was a tone in Sophia's carefully modulated voice which made Charlotte turn and look at her sister. She was sitting at her embroidery-frame, and apparently counting the stitches in the rose-leaf she was copying; but Charlotte noticed that her hand trembled, and that she was counting at random. In a moment the veil fell from her eyes: she understood that Sophia was in love with Julius, and fearful of her own influence over him. She had been about to leave the room: she returned to the window, and stood at it a few moments, as if considering the assertion.

"I should be very sorry if that were the case, Sophia."

"Why?"

"Because I do not admire Julius in any way. I never could admire him. I don't want to be in debt to him for even one-half hour of sentimental affection."

"You should let him understand that, Charlotte, if it be so."

"He must be very dull if he does not understand."

"When father and you went fishing yesterday, he went with you."

"Why did you not come also? We begged you to do so."

"Because I hate to be hot and untidy, and to get my hands soiled, and my face flushed. That was your condition when you returned home; but all the same, he said you looked like a water-nymph or a wood-nymph."

"I think very little of him for such talk. There is nothing 'nymphy' about me. I should hate myself if there were. I am going to write, and ask Harry to get a furlough for a few weeks. I want to talk sensibly to someone. I am tired of being on the heights or in the depths all the time; and as for poetry, I wish I might never hear words that rhyme again. I've got to feel that way about it, that if I open a book, and see the lines begin with capitals, my first impulse is to tear it to pieces. There, now, you have my opinions, Sophia!"

Sophia laughed softly. "Where are you going? I see you have your bonnet on."

"I am going to Up-Hill. Grandfather Latrigg had a fall yesterday, and that's a bad thing at his age. Father is quite put out about it."

"Is he going with you?"

"He was, but two of the shepherds from Holler Scree have just come for him. There is something wrong with the flocks."

"Julius?"

"He does not know I am going; and if he did, I should tell him plainly that he was not wanted, either at Up-Hill or on the way to it. Ducie thinks little of him, and grandfather Latrigg makes his face like a stone wall when Julius talks his finest."

"They don't understand Julius. How can they? Steve is their model, and Steve is not the least like Julius."

"I should think not."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind. Good-by."

She shut the door with more emphasis than she was aware of, and went to her mother for some cordials and dainties to take with her. As she passed through the hall the squire called her, and she followed his voice into the small parlour which was emphatically "master's room."

"I have heard very bad news about the Holler Scree flock, Charlotte, and I must away there to see what can be done. Tell Barf Latrigg it is the sheep, and he will understand: he was always one to put the dumb creatures first. The kindest thing that is in your own heart, say it to the dear old man for me; will you, Charlotte?"

"You can trust to me, father."

"Yes, I know I can; for that and more too. And there is more. I feel a bit about Stephen. Happen I was less than kind to him the other day. But I gave you good reasons, Charlotte; and I have such confidence in you, that I said to mother, 'You can send Charlotte. There is nothing underhand about her. She knows my will, and she'll do it.' Eh? What?"

"Yes, father: I'll be square on all four sides with you. But I told you there had been no love-making between me and Steve."

"Steve was doing his best at it. Depend upon it he meant love-making; and I must say I thought you made out to understand him very well. Maybe I was mistaken. Every woman is a new book, and a book by herself; and it isn't likely I can understand them all."

"Stephen is sure to speak to me about your being so queer to him. Had I not better tell the truth?"

"I have a high opinion of that way. Truth may be blamed, but it can't be shamed. However, if he was not making love to you at the shearing, won't you find it a bit difficult to speak your mind? Eh? What?"

"He will understand."

"Ay, I thought so."

"Father, we have never had any secrets, you and me. If I am not to encourage Stephen Latrigg, do you want me to marry Julius Sandal?"

"Well, I never! Such a question! What for?"

"Because, at the very first, I want to tell you that I could not do it—*no way*. I am quite ready to give up my will to your will, and my pleasure to your pleasure. That is my duty; but to marry cousin Julius is a different thing."

"Don't get too far forward, Charlotte. Julius has not said a word to me about marrying you."

"But he is doing his best at it. Depend upon it he means marrying; and I must say I thought you made out to understand him very well. Maybe I was mistaken. Every man is a new book, and a book by himself; and it is not likely I can understand them all."

"Now you are picking up my own words, and throwing them back at me. That isn't right. I don't know whatever to say for myself. Eh? What?"

"Say, 'dear Charlotte,' and 'good-by Charlotte,' and take an easy mind with you to Holler Scree, father. As far as I am concerned, I will never grieve you, and never deceive you—no, not in the least little thing."

So she left him. Her face was bright with smiles, and her words had even a ring of mirth in them; but below all there was a stubborn weight that she could not throw off, a darkness of spirit that no sunshine could brighten. Since Julius had come into their home, home had never been the same. There was a stranger at the table and in all its sweet, familiar places, and she was sure that to her he always would be a stranger. Something was said or done that put them farther apart every day. She could not understand how any Sandal could be so absolutely out of her love and sympathy.

The sombreness of her thoughts affected her surroundings very much as rain affects the atmosphere. The hills looked melancholy: she was aware of every stone on the road. Alas! this morning she had begun to grow old, for she felt that she had *a past*—a past that could never return. Hitherto her life had been to-day and to-morrow, and to-morrow always in the sunshine. Hitherto

the thought of Stephen had been blended with something that was to happen. Now she knew she must always be remembering the days that for them would come no more. She found herself reviewing even her former visits to Up-Hill. In them also change had begun. And it is over the young, sorrow triumphs most cruelly. Very bitter tears are shed before we are twenty years old. At forty we have learned to accept the inevitable, and to feel many things possible which we once declared would break our hearts in two.

There was an air of great depression also at Up-Hill. Ducie was full of apprehension. She said to Charlotte, "When men as old as father fall, they stumble at their own grave; and I can't think what I'll do without father."

"You have Steve."

"Steve is going away. He would have left this morning, but for this fresh trouble. I see you are startled, Charlotte."

"I am that. I heard nothing of it. He moves in a great hurry."

"He always moves that way, does Steve."

"How is grandfather?"

"He has had quite a backening since yesterday night. He has got 'the call,' Charlotte. I've had more than one sign of it. Just before he fell he went into the garden, and brought in with him a sprig of 'Death-come-quickly.' 'Father,' I asked, 'whatever made you pull that?' Then he looked so queerly, and answered, 'I didn't pull it, Ducie: I found it on the wall.' He was quite curious, and sent me to ask this one and the other one if they had been in the garden. No one had been there; and, at the long end, he said, 'Make no more talk about it, Ducie. There's *them* that go up and down the fellside that no one sees. *They* lift the latch, and wait not for the open door, the king's command being urgent. I have had a message.' He fell an hour afterwards, Charlotte. He did not think he was much hurt at the time, but he got his death-throw. I know it."

"I should like to speak to him, Ducie. Tell him that Charlotte Sandal wants his blessing."

He was lying on the big oak bed in the best room, waiting for his dismissal in cheerful serenity, "Come here, Charlotte," he said; "stoop down, and let me see you once more. My sight grows dim. I am going away, dear."

"O grandfather! is there anything I can do for you?"

"Be a good girl. Be good, and do good. Stand true to Steve—remember—true to Steve." And he did not seem inclined to talk more.

"He is saving his strength for the squire," said Ducie. "He has a deal to say to him."

"Father hoped to be back this afternoon."

"Though it be darkening when he gets home, ask him to come at once, Charlotte. Father is waiting for him, and I don't think he will pass the turn of the night."

There were many subtle links of sympathy between Up-Hill and Sandal. Death could not be in one house without casting a

shadow in the other. Julius privately thought such a fellow-feeling a little stretched. The Latriggs were on a distinctly lower social footing than the Sandals. Rich they might be; but they were not written among the list of county families, nor had they even married into their ranks. He could not understand why Barf Latrigg's death should be allowed to interfere with life at Seat-Sandal. Yet Mrs. Sandal was at Up-Hill all the afternoon; and, though the squire did not get home until quite the darkening, he went at once, without taking food or rest, to the dying man.

"Why, Barf is very near all the same as my own father," he said. And then, in a lower voice, "and he may see my father before the strike of day. I wouldn't miss Barf's last words for a year of life. I wouldn't that."

It was a lovely night—warm, and sweet with the scent of August lilies, and the rich aromas of ripening fruit and grain. The great hills and the peaceful valleys lay under the soft radiance of a full moon; and there was not a sound but the gurgle of running water, or the bark of some solitary sheep-dog, watching the folds on the high fells. Sophia and Julius were walking in the garden, both feeling the sensitive suggestiveness of the hour, talking softly together on topics people seldom discuss in the sunshine—intimations of lost powers, prior existences, immortal life. Julius was learned in the Oriental view of metempsychosis. Sophia could trace the veiled intuition through the highest inspiration of Western thought.

"It whispers in the heart of every shepherd on these hills," she said; "and they interpreted for Mr. Wordsworth the dream of his own soul."

"I know, Sophia. I lifted the book yesterday: your mark was in it." And he recited in a low, intense voice:

" 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home : ' "

"Oh, yes!" answered Sophia, lifting her dark eyes in a real enthusiasm.

" 'Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither. ' "

And they were both very happy in this luxury of mystical speculation. Eternity was behind as before them. Soft impulses from moon and stars, and from the witching beauty of lonely hills and scented garden-ways, touched within their souls some primal sympathy that drew them close to that unseen boundary dividing spirits from shadow-casting men. It is true they rather felt than understood; but when the soul has faith, what matters comprehension?

In the cold sweetness of the following dawn, the squire returned from Up-Hill. "Barf is gone, Alice," were his first words.

"But all is well, William."

"No doubt of it. I met the rector on the hillside. 'How is Barf?' I asked; and he answered, 'Thank God, he has the mastery!' Then he went on without another word. Barf had lost his sight when I got there; but he knew my voice, and he asked me to lay my face against his face. 'I've done well to Sandal—well to Sandal,' he muttered at intervals, 'You'll know it some day, William.' I can't think what he meant. I hope he hasn't left me any money. I could not take it, Alice."

"Was that all?"

"When Steve came in he said something like 'Charlotte,' and he looked hard at me; and then again, 'I've done well by Sandal.' But I was too late. Ducie said he had been very restless about me earlier in the afternoon: he was nearly outside life when I got there."

In the cool of the afternoon, Julius and the girls went to Up-Hill. In every land where he had sojourned, the superstitions and ceremonials that attended death were subjects of interest to him. So he was much touched when he entered the deep, cool porch, and saw the little table at the threshold, covered with a white linen cloth, and holding a plate of evergreens and a handful of salt.

Ducie met them with a grave and tender pleasure. "Come, and see the empty soul-case," she said softly; "there is nothing to fear you." And she led them into the chamber where it lay. The great bed was white as a drift of snow. On the dark oak walls, there were branches of laurel and snowberry. The floor was fragrant under the feet, with bits of rosemary, and bruised ears of lavender, and leaves of thyme. The casements were wide open to admit the fresh mountain breeze; and at one of them Steve rested in the carved chair that had been his grandfather's, and was now his own.

The young men did not know each other; but this was neither the time nor the place for social civilities, and they only slightly bowed as their eyes met. Indeed, it seemed wrong to trouble the peaceful silence with mere words of courtesy; but Charlotte gave her hand to Stephen, and with it that candid, loving gaze, which has, from the eyes of the beloved, the miraculous power of turning the water of life into wine. And Charlotte perceived this, and she went home happy in the happiness she had given.

Four days later, Barf Latrigg was buried. In the glory of the August afternoon, the ladies of Seat-Sandal stood with Julius in the shadow of the park gates, and watched the long procession winding slowly down the fells. At first it was accompanied by fitful, varying gusts of solemn melody; but as it drew nearer, the affecting tones of the funeral hymn became more distinct and sustained. There were at least three hundred voices thrilling the still, warm air with its pathetic music; and, as they approached the church gates, it blended itself with the heavy tread

of those who carried and of those who followed the dead, like a wonderful, triumphant march.

After the funeral was over, the squire went back to Up-Hill to eat the arvel-meal,* and to hear the will of his old friend read. It was nearly dark when he returned, and he was very glad to find his wife alone. "I have had a few hard hours, Alice," he said wearily; "and I am more bothered about Barf's will than I can tell why."

"I suppose Steve got all."

"Pretty nearly. Barf's married daughters had their portions long ago, but he left each of them three hundred pounds as a good-will token. Ducie got a thousand pounds and her right in Up-Hill as long as she lived. All else was for Steve except—and this bothers me—a box of papers left in Ducie's charge. They are to be given to me at her discretion; and, if not given during her lifetime or my lifetime, the charge remains then between those that come after us. I don't like it, and I can't think what it means. Eh? What?"

"He left you nothing?"

"He left me his staff. He knew better than to leave me money. But I am bothered about that box of papers. What can they refer to? Eh? What?"

"I can make a guess, William. When your brother Tom left home, and went to India, he took money enough with him; but I'm afraid he got it queerly. At any rate, your father had some big sums to raise. You were at college at the time; and though there was some underhand talk, maybe you never heard it, for no one round Sandal-Side would pass on a word likely to trouble the old squire, or offend Mistress Charlotte. Now, perhaps it was at that time Barf Latrigg 'did well to Sandal.'"

"I think you may be right, Alice. I remember that father was a bit close with me the last year I was at Oxford. He would have reasons he did not tell me of. One should never judge a father. He is often forced to cut the loaf unevenly for the good of everyone."

But this new idea troubled Sandal. He was a man of super-sensitive honour with regard to money matters. If there were really any obligation of that kind between the two houses, he hardly felt grateful to Latrigg for being silent about it. And still more the transfer of these papers vexed him. Ducie might know what he might never know. Steve might have it in his power to trouble Harry when he was at rest with his fore-elders. The subject haunted and worried him; and as worries are never complete worries until they have an individuality, Steve very soon became the personal embodiment of mortifying uncertainty, and wounded *amour propre*. For if Mrs. Sandal's suspicion were true, or even if it were not true, she was not likely to be the only one in Sandal-Side who would construe Latrigg's singular

*Death-feast.

disposition of his papers in the same way. Certainly Squire William did not feel as if the dead man had "done well to Sandal."

Stephen was equally annoyed. His grandfather had belonged to a dead century, and retained until the last his almost feudal idea of the bond between his family and the Sandals. But the present squire had stepped outside the shadows of the past, and Stephen was fully abreast of his own times. He understood very well, that, whatever these papers related to, they would be a constant thorn in Sandal's side; and he saw them lying between Charlotte and himself, a barrier unknown, and insurmountable because unknown.

From Ducie he could obtain neither information nor assistance. "Mother," he asked, "do you know what those papers are about?"

"Ratherly."

"When can you tell me?"

"There must be a deal of sorrow before I can tell you."

"Do you want to tell me?"

"If I should dare to want it one minute, I should ask God's pardon the next. When I unlock that box, Steve, there is like to be trouble in Sandal. I think your grandfather would rather the key rusted away."

"Does the squire know anything about them?"

"Not he."

"If he asks, will you tell him?"

"Not yet. I—hope never."

"I wish they were in the fire."

"Perhaps some day you may put them there. You will have the right when I am gone."

Then Steve silently kissed her, and went into the garden; and Ducie watched him through the window, and whispered to herself, "It is a bit hard, but it might be harder; and right always gets the overhand at the long end."

The first interview between the squire and Stephen after Barf Latrigg's funeral was not a pleasanter one than this misunderstanding promised. Sandal was walking on Sandal Scree-top one morning, and met Steve. "Good-morning, Mr. Latrigg," he said; "you are a statesman now, and we must give you your due respect. He did not say it unkindly; but Steve somehow felt the difference between Mr. Latrigg and Squire Sandal as he had never felt it when the greeting had only been "Good-morning, Steve. How do all at home do?"

Still, he was anxious to keep Sandal's good-will, and he hastened to ask his opinion on several matters relating to the estate which had just come into his hands. Ordinarily this concession would have been a piece of subtle flattery quite irresistible to the elder man, but just at that time it was the most imprudent thing Steve could have done.

"I had an offer this morning from Squire Methley. He wants to rent the Skelwith 'walk' from me. What do you think of him, sir?"

"As how?"

"As a tenant. I suppose he has money. There are about a thousand sheep on it."

"He lives on the other side of the range, and I know him not; but our sheep have mingled on the mountain for thirty years. I count not after him, and he counts not after me;" and Sandal spoke coldly, like a man defending his own order. "Are you going to rent your 'walks' so soon? Eh? What?"

"As soon as I can advantageously."

"I bethink me. At the last shearing you were all for spinning and weaving. The Coppice Woods were to make your bobbins; Silver Force was to feed your engines; the little herd lads and lassies to mind your spinning-frames. Well, well, Mr. Latrigg, such doings are not for me to join in! I shall be sorry to see these lovely valleys turned into weaving-shops; but you belong to a new generation, and the young know everything—or they think they do."

"And you will soon join the new generation, squire. You were always tolerant and wide awake. I never knew your prejudices beyond reasoning with."

"Mr. Latrigg, leave my prejudices, as you call them, alone. To-day I am not in the humour either to defend them or repent of them."

They talked for some time longer—talked until the squire felt bored with Steve's plans. The young man kept hoping every moment to say something that would retrieve his previous blunders; but who can please those who are determined not to be pleased? And yet Sandal was annoyed at his own injustice, and then still more annoyed at Steve for causing him to be unjust. Besides which, the young man's eagerness for change, his enthusiasms and ambitions, offended him in a particular way that morning; for he had an unpleasant letter from his son Harry, who was not eager and enthusiastic and ambitious, but lazy, extravagant, and quite commonplace. Also Charlotte had not cared to come out with him, and the immeasurable self-complacency of his nephew Julius had really quite spoiled his breakfast; and then, below all, there was that disagreeable feeling about the Latriggs.

So Stephen did not conciliate Sandal, and he was himself very much grieved at the squire's evident refusal of his friendly advances. There is no humiliation so bitter as that of a rejected offering. Steve Latrigg went back to Up-Hill, nursing a feeling of indignation against the man who had so suddenly conceived a dislike to him, and who had dashed, with regrets and doubtful speeches and faint praise, all the plans which at sunrise had seemed so full of hope, and so worthy of success.

The squire was equally annoyed. He could not avoid speaking of the interview, for it irritated him, and was uppermost in his thoughts. He detailed it with a faint air of pitying contempt. "The lad is upset with the money and land he has come into, and the whole place is too small for his greatness." That was what he said, and he knew he was unjust; but the moral atmosphere

between Steve and himself had become permeated with distrust and dislike. Unhappy miasmas floated hither and thither in it, and poisoned him. When with Stephen he hardly recognized himself: he did not belong to himself. Sarcasm, contradiction, opposing ideas, took possession of and ruled him by the forces of antipathy, just as others ruled him by the forces of love and attraction.

The days that had been full of peaceful happiness were troubled in all their hours; and yet the sources of trouble were so vague, so blended with what he had called unto himself, that he could not give vent to his unrest and disappointment. His life had had a jar; nothing ran smoothly; and he was almost glad when Julius announced the near termination of his visit. He had begun to feel as if Julius were inimical to him; not consciously so, but in that occult way which makes certain foods and drinks, certain winds and weathers, inimical to certain personalities. His presence seemed to have blighted his happiness, as the north wind blighted his myrtles. "If I could only have let 'well' alone. If I had never written that letter." Many a time a day he said such words to his own heart.

In the meantime, Julius was quite unconscious of his position. He was thoroughly enjoying himself. If others were losing, he was not. He was in love with the fine old hall. The simple, sylvan character of its daily life charmed his poetic instincts. The sweet, hot days on the fells, with a rod in his hand, and Charlotte and the squire for company, were like an idyl. The rainy days in the large, low drawing-room, singing with Sophia, or dreaming and speculating with her on all sorts of mysteries, were, in their way, equally charming. He liked to walk slowly up and down, and to talk to her softly of things obscure, cryptic, cabalistic. The plashing rain, the moaning wind, made just the monotonous accompaniment that seemed fitting; and the lovely girl, listening, with needle half-drawn, and sensitive face lifted to his own, made a situation in which he knew he did himself full justice.

At such times he thought Sophia was surely his natural mate—"the soul that halved his own," the one of "nearer kindred than life hinted of." At other times he was equally conscious that he loved Charlotte Sandal with an intensity to which his love for Sophia was as water is to wine. But Charlotte's indifference mortified him, and their natures were almost antagonistic to each other. Under such circumstances a great love is often a dangerous one. Very little will turn it into hatred. And Julius had been made to feel more than once the utter superfluity of his existence, as far as Charlotte Sandal was concerned.

Still, he determined not to resign the hope of winning her until he was sure that her indifference was not an affectation. He had read of women who used it as a lure. If it were Charlotte's special weapon, he was quite willing to be brought to submission by it.

Yet of all the women whom he had known, Charlotte Sandal was the least approachable. She was fertile in preventing an

opportunity; and if the opportunity came, she was equally fertile in spoiling it. But Julius had patience; and patience is the art and secret of hoping. A woman cannot always be on guard, and he believed in not losing heart, and in waiting. Sooner or later, the happy moment when success would be possible was certain to arrive.

One day in the early part of September, the squire asked his wife for all the house-servants she could spare. "A few more hands will bring home the harvest to-night," he said, "and it would be a great thing to get it in without a drop of rain."

So the men and maids went off to the wheat-fields, as if they were going to a frolic; and there was a happy sense of freedom, with the picnick dinner, and the general air of things being left to themselves about the house. After an unusually merry lunch, Julius proposed a walk to the harvest-field, and Sophia and Charlotte eagerly agreed to it.

It was a joy to be out of doors under such a sky. The hills were clothed in purple. An exquisite, impalpable haze idealized all nature. Right and left the reapers swept their sharp sickles through the ripe wheat. The women went after them, binding the sheaves, and singing among the yellow swaths shrill, wild songs, full of simple modulations.

The squire's field was busy as a fair, and the idle young people sat under the oaks, or walked slowly in the shadow of the hedges, pulling poppies and wild flowers, and realizing all the poetry of a pastoral life, without any of its hard labour or its vulgar cares. Mrs. Sandal had given them a basket with berries and cake and cream in it. They set out a little feast under the trees, and called the squire to come and taste their dainties.

He was standing, without his coat and vest, on the top of a loaded wain, the very embodiment of a jovial, handsome, country gentleman. The reins were in his hand; he was going to drive home the wealthy waggon; but he stopped and stooped, and Charlotte, standing on tip-toes, handed him a glass of cream. "God love thy bonny face," he said, with a beaming smile, as he handed her back the empty glass. Then he called to Julius and his daughters, "What idle-backs you are! Come, and bind a sheaf with me." And they rose with a merry laugh, and followed him down the field, working a little, and resting a little; and towards the close of the afternoon, listening to the singing of an old man who had brought his fiddle to the field in order to be ready to play at the squire's "harvest home." He was a thin, crooked, old man, very spare and ruddy. "Eighty-three years old, young sir," he said to Julius; and then in a trembling, cracked voice, he quavered out:

"Says t' auld man to t' auld oak-tree,
'Young and lusty was I when I kenned thee:
I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
Young and lusty was I, many a long year.
But sair failed is I, sair failed now;
Sair failed is I, since I kenned thou.'"

It was the appeal of tottering age to happy, handsome youth, and Julius could not resist it. With a royal grace he laid a guinea in the old man's open palm, and felt fully rewarded by his look of wonder and delight.

"God give you love and luck, young sir. I am eighty-three now, and sair failed; but I was once twenty-three, and young and lusty as you be. But life is at the fag end with me now. God save us all!"

Then Sophia, who had a natural love of neatness and order, began to collect the plates and napkins, and arrange them in the basket; and this being done, she looked around for the housemaid in order to put it in her charge. The girl was at the other end of the field, and she went to her.

Charlotte had scarcely perceived what was going on. The old man's singing had made her a little sad. She was standing under the tree, leaning against the great mossy trunk. Sophia was out of hearing. Julius stepped close to her. His soul was in his face; he spoke like a man who was no longer master of himself.

"Charlotte, I love you. I love you with all my heart."

She looked at him steadily. Her eyes flashed. She threw downward her hands with a deprecating motion.

"You have no right to say such words to me, Julius. I have done all a woman could do to prevent them. I have never given you any encouragement. A gentleman does not speak without it."

"I could not help speaking. I love you, Charlotte. Is there any wrong in loving you? If I had any hope of winning you."

"No, no; there is no hope. I do not love you. I never shall love you."

"Unless you have some other lover, Charlotte, I shall dare to hope"—

"I have a lover."

"Oh!"

"And I am frank with you because it is best. I trust you will respect my candour."

He only bowed. Indeed, he found speech impossible. Never before had Charlotte looked so lovely. He felt her positive rejection very keenly.

"Sophia is coming. Please to forget that this conversation has ever been."

"You are very cruel."

"No. I am truly kind. Sophia, I am tired; let us go home."

So they turned out of the field, and into the lane. But something was gone, and something had come. Sophia felt the change, and she looked curiously at Julius and Charlotte. Charlotte was calmly mingling the poppies and wheat in her hands. Her face revealed nothing. Julius was a little melancholy. "The fairies have left us," he said. "All of a sudden, the revel is over."

"AND we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

THOMAS CHAMPNESS AND HIS WORK.

REV. D. SUTHERLAND.

REV. THOMAS CHAMPNESS, Wesleyan evangelist and editor of *Joyful News*, is doing a work in England which entitles him to be ranked among the living forces of Methodism. The story of his life is full of the heroism of consecrated perseverance in well-doing. Like many other men who has won prominence in the world, he owes much to home influences. His testimony on this point is emphatic: "All that God hath done for me and by me; every soul that I have been permitted to turn to Christ, as well as those I have helped to bear the cross which comes to all, I owe to Charles and Mary Champness, who made my early days a time for sowing the seed of which it will take all eternity to reap the harvest."

Home training and the education of the street, by which he gained a sure and wide insight into human nature, did more for him than the learning of the schools. Of the latter he had very little. Cultured in the ordinary sense of the word he is not, nor do we regret that he never passed through a college curriculum. It is now becoming manifest that culture has a tendency to plane down the rugged forcefulness of a preacher's individuality, and to compel his mode of expressing thought into a mould which turns out phrases more elegant than heart-searching. At any rate, Thomas Champness never learned to worship at the shrine of literary polish. From the first his sermons carried in them the power of individual thinking and expression. No echoes of college professors and favourite authors could be traced in his sermons. They were entirely his own from start to finish. In that lay much of their usefulness.

Champness' first sphere of labour was in Western Africa, where he toiled on for six years with untiring zeal. The poisonous climate proved fatal to all his colleagues. He himself was brought to the gates of death. At one time his attendants thought he was gone, but with an intense effort of will he rallied his energies, and afterwards slowly recovered. It was the belief that God wanted him to live, and that the Missionary Society needed further work from him, that gave him courage to fight his enervating disease inch by inch. When victory came, and he was pronounced convalescent, he had to return to England to recruit. It was feared at first that his constitution was shattered beyond hope of recovery, but a year's rest set him up again. He could not be idle. The passion for souls which burned hot in his breast urged him to activity.

It would not be wise for him to go back to the heathen of Western Africa, but there were home heathen in the villages and towns of England, who needed salvation as much as their dusky brethren. To them he decided to consecrate his energies. A

working-man himself, and brought up among the poor, his heart went out to the masses for whom no man seemed to care. So he buckled himself to the self-sacrificing and arduous work of a home missionary. His methods, like his speech, were all his own. Having bought some pictures representative of Bible scenes, he fixed one of them in turn on a pole which he held aloft at a street corner. If it was night, a bull's eye lantern supplied the necessary light. The picture held aloft did for his open-air meetings what singing usually does—it gathered a crowd. Once they were gathered round Champness, they could not tear themselves away. Pathos and humour, graphic narration and sure-footed insight into human nature, racy Anglo-Saxon words and sympathetic knowledge of the burdens of the poor, united in giving his presentations of the Gospel a charm which kept his hearers spell-bound. The many services he has conducted in chapels and on the streets have been richly blessed of God. If in the England of to-day there is one man who has the key to unlock the ears and hearts of the working-classes in town and country, that man is Thomas Champness.

He does not selfishly keep the secret to himself. He is willing to impart it, and as a matter of fact is imparting it at present to young men in preparation for evangelistic work at home or abroad. His labours as an evangelist have been and are such as would of themselves entitle him to the grateful reverence of all Christians, but the debt is largely increased by his endeavours to train others to widen and perpetuate his methods of work.

The School of the Prophets established by him resembles that of Mr. Moody in Chicago. Its object is to raise up a class of preachers qualified to grapple with the religious needs of villages and rural districts too poor or indisposed to seek the services of college-bred ministers. From these villages and rural districts there pours every year a stream of humanity to swell the rivers in the cities. Mr. Champness' idea is to purify the cities by going to the source and purifying the villages and country districts. So his training-school is a bold attempt to solve a pressing problem in English religious life.

Mr. Champness opened his college with but two pupils. It grew rapidly until it numbered twenty-six. Then he removed to a commodious country mansion, called Castleton Hall, in the neighbourhood of Rochdale, where he has had as many as ninety students at a time. Most of them came to the institution straight from the plough, the office or the factory. Few of them had more than a rudimentary English education, and some of them had not even that. Out of such materials Mr. Champness makes preachers. A day's programme may give some indication of the methods followed in their tuition: Breakfast begins sharp at seven o'clock. They study theology and pastoral work from 8.30 to 9.30 a.m. From 10 to 12, Rev. J. Todhunter, a supernumerary minister in Rochdale, gives them lessons in English history, grammar, Bible history and theology. Dinner is at 12.30. After dinner two hours are spent in the four acres of ground belonging to Castleton

Hall, in gardening, athletic exercises, or in games. The evening is devoted to private study. By no means the least important hour of the day is the one in which they are taught homiletics and the art of public speaking by Mr. Champness himself. Out of this institute have already proceeded nearly twenty missionaries to foreign countries, and a considerable number to home mission-fields in the northern and central counties of England. It is no small tribute to the efficacy of their training that they should be in constant demand wherever they go, and that superintendents of circuits gladly avail themselves of their services.

One would think that the charge of this School of the Prophets and his varied evangelistic labours were enough for one man, but they do not exhaust Mr. Champness' activity. He also carries on considerable literary work, and a system of colportage which makes him a power for good to many who never saw his face. His weekly newspaper, *Joyful News*, has a circulation of 50,000. Some of his books, quaint, homely, and outspoken like his sermons, enjoy a wide popularity. Over 2,000,000 leaflets written by him have been sold. He sends out young men who can preach to act as colporteurs, and keeps himself in personal touch with them by means of constant communication. In this way the good news is spread throughout the remote districts scattered up and down the kingdom.

Mr. Champness' story is full of significance. It shows what consecration and perseverance can do. Once he put his hand to the plough, he could not turn back. Patiently and bravely he followed the guidance of God, undaunted by failure and unrelayed by success. To-day his simplicity of manner and life is as genuine as in earlier years. He knows too much to take credit to himself for the work he has done, or the commanding influence he exerts.—*Zion's Herald*.

WESTWARD.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

THE way grows brighter as the day declines,
And we haste our rest to find;
For the path leads straight to the glowing west,
And the shadows fall behind.

Our hearts beat lighter as we think with joy
Of the journey almost done;
Of the cross laid down and the darkness past
When the life of light is won.

Just one more shadow, where the road dips down
And comes to the river's side,
Then a few short steps to the farther bank,
Where the golden gates stand wide.

Our feet move swifter near the journey's close,
For we haste our rest to find,
And we soon shall pass through the glorious gates
With the shadows *all* behind!

TORONTO.

ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

THE recent disturbance in Egypt lends special interest to an article in the January number of the *Review of Reviews*, which we abridge. It is written by Mr. Milner, who has had three years' experience in the British civil service in that country. This accomplished gentleman has been characterized by Dean Church as "the finest flower of English scholarship that Oxford had turned out in this generation." His book on "England in Egypt" is described by Mr. Stead as "one of the best published in 1892, one that every British citizen for many a year to come will do well to read from cover to cover." We give copious extracts from this book, and also comments by the versatile editor of the *Review of Reviews*:

Of the Scuttle policy we shall henceforth hear little. That cause, hopelessly bad in itself, has been effectually damned by the advocates which it has attracted to its defence. After deciding to keep Uganda, the Cabinet cannot entertain any nonsensical propositions about scuttling from Cairo. Mr. Milner has arrayed the moral sense of England on the side of a sound Imperial policy by proving that it would be a cruel crime against the best interests of the luckless fellaheen if we were to abandon them to the tender mercies of their worst enemies after accustoming them to a period of peace, justice, and protection.

No one can rise from reading his pages without feeling proud of his countrymen, and grateful for the good work which they were called upon to perform. Milton would indeed have seen here something to justify his cheery conviction that wherever there was some exceptionally difficult task to perform, God's Englishmen were sent to do it. Exceptionally difficult, indeed, was our task in the Nile Valley—and the difficulties were not such as Englishmen are wont to overcome successfully. We can ride, or fight, or sail, or govern as well as any nation if we are given a free hand. But

we are not accustomed to rule in fetters, to fight with one hand tied behind our back, nor have we had much success in the egg dances of diplomacy. Nevertheless, notwithstanding all these difficulties, thanks, as Mr. Milner says, to our practical common-sense, we have put the thing through, and have come out at the other side with a success which has astonished no one so much as ourselves.

Mr. Milner says, and says truly, that possibly no other race, except the practical matter-of-fact Briton, could have managed to evolve cosmos out of chaos under such paradoxical conditions. The Frenchman, with his logic, would have chafed himself into a fever, and the German, with his authoritative, scientific, orderly instinct, would have found the nonsensical, happy-go-lucky system too great a burden to bear. The Englishman, however, without logic and without science, trusting to the great rule of thumb, and to the principle of doing the best you can under the circumstances, and allowing Providence to take care of abstract theories and ultimate developments, has a natural gift which has stood him in good stead in Egypt.

Mr. Milner remarks that if the government of Egypt had to be carried on under the conditions of a nightmare, the revival of the country, in spite of these conditions, is almost worthy of a fairy tale. It is doubtful whether in any part of the world the same period can show anything like the same tale of progress. He has written his book in order to show how it was done. It takes him over 400 pages to trace the development of this wonderful story; but the secret can be stated in a sentence: "It has been achieved by the application of a reasonable amount of common-sense and common honesty to a country ruined by the absence of both." But common-sense and common honesty alone might have failed had England not been fortunate enough to have at Cairo a statesman, to whom Mr. Milner pays a well-

merited meed of praise. In Lord Cromer, better known as Sir Evelyn Baring, we had uncommon genius, by a piece of good luck, to back common-sense.

"He has realized that the essence of our policy is to help the Egyptians to work out, as far as possible, their own salvation. And not only has he realized it himself, but he has taught others to realize it. By a wise reserve, he has led his countrymen in Egypt to rely upon patience, upon persuasion, and upon personal influence, rather than rougher methods to guide their native colleagues in the path of improved administration. Yet on the rare occasions when his intervention was absolutely necessary, he has intervened with an emphasis which has broken down all resistance. The contrast between Egypt to-day and Egypt as he found it, the enhanced reputation of England in matters Egyptian, are the measure of the signal service he has rendered alike to his own country and to the country where he has laid the foundation of a lasting fame."

In describing how it was that we came into Egypt, Mr. Milner expresses his conviction very emphatically as to its necessity. The emergency which compelled us to despatch our expedition was the imminent return of the reign of barbarism. So far from having been exaggerated, the fears of massacre and the general dissolution of society which immediately preceded our advent fall short of the danger which was actually impending. Nothing but our prompt action saved Egypt from anarchy. Had England not intervened, everything that was good in Egypt would have been smashed, and after a destructive reign of terror the revolution would have resulted in the establishment of a newer and severer form of the old slavery.

"We went to Egypt imagining that we had simply to put down a military mutiny. We found that the whole system of government, order, and society had fallen to pieces, and could only be slowly built up again, piece by piece, and step by step. We went to Egypt to do one thing, and stayed there to do another. No

one who has even an elementary grasp of the problem can deny that the second task was as absolutely indispensable as the first. It would be absurd to insist upon a literal fulfilment of the pledges we had given to Europe, in all good faith at the time, when we undertook the first and much the most simple operation.

"If there is one thing absolutely certain, it is that the great majority of the Egyptian nation, and especially the peasantry, have benefited enormously by our presence in the country. For the few, the new system has meant loss as well as gain; for the many, it is all pure gain. At no previous period of his history has the fellah lived under a government so careful to promote his interests or protect his rights.

"The difference between Egypt now and Egypt in the latter days of Ismail is as the difference between light and darkness. Look where you will, at the army, at finance, at agriculture, at the administration of justice; at the everyday life of the people, and their relations to their rulers, it is always the same tale of revival. And this in the place of almost general ruin and depression, of a total distrust in the possibility of just government, and a rooted belief in administrative corruption as the natural and invariable rule of human society. That seems a remarkable revolution to have taken place in ten years. It is doubtful whether in any part of the world the same period can show anything like the same tale of progress. The most absurd experiment in human government has been productive of one of the most remarkable harvests of human improvement."

Justice, justice, justice, Sir Edward Malet declared, was the great need of Egypt when he left it. But how can you get justice in a country where every foreigner has almost a chartered right to commit crimes with impunity, owing to the extent to which the capitulations have been abused.

We have occupied the country ever since we set foot in it, but our garrison is only three thousand men,

and Mr. Milner is of opinion that the presence of even one British regiment gives a weight, which they would not otherwise possess, to the counsels of the British Consul-General.

"English influence is not exercised to impose an uncongenial foreign system upon a reluctant people. It is a force making for the triumph of the simplest ideas of honesty, humanity, and justice, to the value of which Egyptians are just as much alive as anybody else. It is a weight, and a decisive weight, cast into the right scale, in the struggle of the better elements of Egyptian society against the worse."

The Egyptian army has been Anglicized. The troops are properly fed, clothed, and housed, and are looked after when they are ill. The devotion of the English officers in attending to their troops during the cholera was a new idea to the Egyptian mind. When the army was formed there were 27 British officers. There are now 76 to 12,500 men, and there are about 40 British non-commissioned officers besides.

A late number of the *Fortnightly Review* has the following statements on this subject, by W. T. Marriott :

"The progress that has been made in Egypt during the last seven years is one of the most remarkable events in modern times, and reads more like a transformation scene in a fairy-tale than one of the hard realities of history. Ten years ago—in 1882—the condition of the country was almost desperate. Emerging from liquidation by the help of France and England, it appeared again to be on the verge of bankruptcy. Discontent permeated the whole population, and a spirit of revolt was rampant in the army. The finest portion of the chief commercial city, Alexandria, had been burnt to the ground, and the European population that carried on its trade and commerce had fled or been given over to outrage and massacre. Trade and commerce were for a time completely paralyzed. The Khedive Tewfik was a fugitive, and the government, such as it was, was in the hands of rebel

soldiers. The opinion of Egypt was shown at the time by its stock, which went down to 45.

"Now, in 1893, all is changed. The finances of the country are in as sound condition as those of any of the States of Europe. On all sides are to be seen signs of prosperity and content. Alexandria has been rebuilt in so magnificent a style that its people begin to think that its needless burning was not an unmitigated evil; and the opinion of Europe may be grasped by the fact that Egyptian stock is at par.

"The Gladstone Government came into power in 1880 with the sincere determination to interfere as little as possible in such matters. They selected excellent instruments. For extricating a country or a ministry from difficulties, better men could not be found than those selected—Lords Dufferin and Northbrook, General Gordon and Sir Evelyn Baring. Sir Evelyn Baring has had the opportunity of showing what he was made of. Facts have proved that he is a man of great ability, a born administrator, with all the financial talents that have distinguished so many that bear his name.

"In 1882 the deficit for the year was £632,368. In 1883 the deficit on the year was £709,397, and in 1884, £665,444. In 1885, there was a small surplus of £3,979. In 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1889, though the expenditure increased to more than it was in 1884, the surpluses continued till they reached £653,939 in 1890, and £1,100,000 in 1891.

"This result has not been produced by an increase of taxation or by an undue lowering of expenditure. On the contrary, there has been a large increase in the expenditure of money upon useful objects, such as education, the improvement of the prisons, and the furtherance of public works, and with it there has been a large remission of taxation.

"Irrigation is the one thing needful to make Egypt a productive and flourishing country, and to the improvement in the irrigation works, which were completed in 1891, is due more than to any other single cause its present prosperous condition.

"Ten years ago wise prophets would tell you that there were three things that were impossible in Egypt—1st, to make it solvent; 2nd, to collect the taxes without the free use of the kourbash; 3rd, to execute public works without that forced and cruel labour which went under the name of the *corvée*. Now, not only is Egypt solvent, but the use of the kourbash and the *corvée* have both been abolished. The taxes are now more easily collected than they ever were in the days when the kourbash was systematically applied to the feet of the wretched fellaheen, and more public works have been executed by labourers who are paid a fair day's wage, and are voluntary workers, than ever were in the same time under the remorseless system of *corvée*. In addition, slavery has been practically abolished.

"It is no exaggeration to say that, at no period of their known history have the Egyptian people enjoyed anything like the advantages they do at the present time. Their national prosperity has been greatly increased, and they now enjoy rights and privileges to which they have been strangers for thousand of years. Were Egypt left to herself, if that be possible, or were it again to pass under the control of Turkish pashas, the kourbash and the *corvée* would be quickly revived. Justice would again

become a commodity to be purchased by the rich, and quite out of the reach of those who most require it.

"Not merely have the works as they stand added enormously to the material prosperity of the country, which would be injuriously affected by any neglect of maintenance, but they are capable of almost unlimited expansion.

"France and Turkey are the only powers that in any way are jealous of British intervention in Egypt. The other powers of Europe are content that matters should remain as they are. That they should prefer British control to French is only natural. So long as Egypt is under British control, every power has exactly the same rights and facilities for trading and manufacturing as we have ourselves.

"As for Egypt, it would be the height of cruelty to arrest in any way the beneficial treatment she is now undergoing. The last seven years of good government have improved and benefited her condition far beyond the anticipations of even those who have the strongest faith in the effects of good government. Another seven years of similar government will vastly increase and place on a firm basis those improvements, and Europe and great Britain, as well as Egypt, will reap the great benefit."

EARLY CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM.*

BY THE EDITOR.

PRIMITIVE Christianity was eminently congenial to religious symbolism. Born in the east, and in the bosom of Judaism, which had long been familiar with this universal oriental language, it adopted types and figures as its natural mode of expression. These formed the warp and woof of the symbolic drapery of the tabernacle and temple service, pre-figuring the great truths

of the Gospel. The Old Testament sparkles with mysterious imagery. In the sublime visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel and Daniel, move strange creatures of wondrous form and prophetic significance. In the New Testament, the Divine Teacher conveys the loftiest lessons in parables of inimitable beauty. In the apocalyptic visions of St. John, the language of imagery is exhausted

* *The History and Principle and Practice of Symbolism in Christian Art.* By F. ED. HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 234. Price, \$1.25; 113 illustrations.

to represent the overthrow of Satan, the triumph of Christ and the glories of the New Jerusalem.

The Primitive Christians, therefore, naturally adopted a similar mode of art expression for conveying religious instruction. They also, as a necessary precaution, in the times of persecution, concealed from the profane gaze of their enemies the mysteries of the faith under a veil of symbolism, which yet revealed their profoundest truths to the hearts of the initiated. That such disguise was not superfluous, is shown by the discovery of a pagan caricature of the crucifixion on a wall beneath the Palatine, and by the recorded desecration of the eucharistic vessels by the apostate Julian. To those who possessed the key to the "Christian hieroglyphics," as Raoul-Rochette has called them, they spoke a language that the most unlettered, as well as the learned, could understand. What to the haughty heathen was an unmeaning scrawl, to the lowly believer was eloquent of loftiest truths and tenderest consolation. Indeed, that old Christian life under repression and persecution created a more imperious necessity for the expression of its deepest emotions and most sacred feelings in religious art.

Although occasionally fantastic and far-fetched, this symbolism is generally of a profoundly religious significance, and often of extreme poetic beauty. In perpetual canticle of love, it finds resemblances of the divine object of its devotion throughout all nature. It beholds beyond the shadows of time the eternal verities of the world to come. It is not of the earth, earthy, but is entirely supersensual in its character, and employs material forms only as suggestions of the unseen and spiritual. It addresses the inner vision of the soul, and not the mere outer sense. Its merit consists, therefore, not in artistic beauty of execution, but in appositeness of religious significance—a test lying far too deep for the apprehension of the uninitiated. It is, perhaps, also influenced, as Kugler remarks, in the avoidance of realis-

tic representation by the fear which pervaded the Primitive Church of the least approach to idolatry.

Great care must be observed, however, in the interpretation of this religious symbolism, not to strain it beyond its capacity or intention. It should be withdrawn from the sphere of theological controversy, too often the battleground of religious rancour and bitterness, and relegated to that of scientific archaeology and dispassionate criticism. An allegorizing mind, if it has any theological dogma to maintain, will discover symbolical evidence in its support where it can be detected by no one else.

The use of pictorial representations appears often to have been a matter of necessity. Many of the Christians could understand no other written language. But by far the larger proportion of these symbols have a religious significance, and refer to the peace and joy of the Christian, and to the holy hopes of a life beyond the grave; and many of them were derived directly from the language of Scripture. They were often of a very simple and rudimentary character, such as could be easily scratched with a trowel on the moist plaster, or traced upon the stone. They were sometimes, however, elaborately represented in excellent frescoes or sculpture.

The beautiful allusion of St. Paul to the Christian's hope as the anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, is frequently represented in the catacombs by the outline of an anchor, often rudely drawn, but eloquent with profoundest meaning to the mind of the believer. It assured him that, while the anchor of his hope was cast "within the veil," his lifebark would outride the fiercest blasts and wildest waves of persecution, and at last glide safely into the haven of everlasting rest. This allusion is made more apparent when it is observed how often it is found on the tombstone of those who bear the name Hope, in its Greek or Latin form, as ΕΑΠΙΣ, ΕΑΠΙΑΙΟΣ, SPES, etc.

Of kindred significance with this is the symbol of a ship, which may

also refer to the soul seeking a country out of sight, as the ship steers to a land beyond the horizon. Sometimes it may be regarded as a type of the church; and in later times it is represented as steered by St. Peter and St. Paul. The symbol of "the heaven-bound ship" is mentioned by Clement of Alexandria as being in vogue in the second century.

The palm and crown are symbols that frequently occur, often in a very rude form. They call to mind that great multitude whom no man can number, with whom faith sees the dear departed walk in white, bearing palms in their hands. The crown is not the wreath of ivy or of laurel, of parsley or of bay, the coveted reward of the ancient games; nor the chaplet of earthly revelry, which, placed upon the heated brow, soon fell in withered garlands to the feet; but the crown of life, starry and unwithering, the immortal wreath of glory which the saints shall wear forever at the marriage supper of the Lamb. They are the emblems of victory over the latest foe, the assurance that

"The struggle and grief are all past;
The glory and worth live on."

One of the most beautiful symbols of the catacombs is the dove, the perpetual synonym of peace. Another of the most striking and beautiful of these symbols is that which represents Christ as the Good Shepherd, and believers as the sheep of His fold. While the doves may be regarded as emblematic of the beatified spirits of the departed, the

sheep more appropriately symbolize those who, still in the flesh, go in and out and find pasture. Suggesting the thought of that sweet Hebrew idyl of which the world will never grow tired, the twenty-third Psalm, which, lisp'd by the pallid lips of the dying throughout the ages, has strengthened their hearts as they entered the dark valley; and to which our Lord lent a deeper pathos by the tender parable of the lost sheep—small wonder that it was a favourite type of that unwearied love that sought the erring and the outcast and brought them to His fold again. With reiterated and manifold treatment, the tender story is repeated over and over again, making the gloomy crypts bright with scenes of idyllic beauty, and hallowed with sacred associations. Many other sacred symbols might also be enumerated.

Mr. Hulme's volume is a very comprehensive treatise on this subject, throughout the entire period of Christian art, as symbolism in colours, symbolism of the Trinity, the sacred monogram and cross, of the Passion, of angels, saints, and martyrs, of the apostles and prophets, and the like. Indeed, no one can understand the meaning of sacred and legendary art who cannot interpret the symbolism through which it speaks. We know no compendious treatise which furnishes such a satisfactory interpretation as Mr. Hulme's. For those who wish to study it more fully, we recommend Mrs. Jameson's and Lady Eastlake's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, Lübke's *History of Art*, and Didron's *Iconographie Chretienne*.

PROGRESS.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
But pave a path that's sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

—Gerald Massey.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

A committee has come into existence which bids fair to do useful work. It is called the Joint Consultation Committee. It represents (each by four members) the London Nonconformist Council, the Congregational and Baptist Unions, the Presbyterian Church of England, the Wesleyan, New Connexion, Primitive, Free Methodists, Bible Christian Conferences, and probably also the Society of Friends. The purpose is to consult respecting bills introduced to Parliament in which these bodies are interested.

One of the most remarkable missionary meetings ever held in Dublin, Ireland, was held in the Centenary Church, in November, 1892, when Surgeon-General Joynt occupied the chair and two ex-Roman Catholic priests were the chief members of the deputation. The house was crowded; a considerable number of Roman Catholics were present. The two ex-priests delivered powerful addresses. The Centenary Church is next door to the Roman Catholic University.

The decree of the Austrian government for the suppression of the Methodist service has been enforced.

Under the title of "Gipsy Gospel Waggon Mission," a new effort is to be made to carry the Gospel to the Romany race. The waggons will be under the charge of Gipsy Smith or other suitable evangelists, who will go to the great centres of gipsy encampments, and there open schools, and preach Christ in a manner suited to the circumstances and character of gipsy life and prejudices.

Dr. Schaff says in the seventh volume of his "History of the Christian Church," just issued from the press, that "John Wesley was

the most apostolic man that the Anglo-Saxon race has produced."

Methodism began little more than 150 years ago with nothing; now her missionaries are preaching in forty different languages—the principal languages of the earth—supported by the Church at home with her millions of gold.

At a recent meeting held in the interests of the London West End Mission, the following facts were stated: Two slate clubs had saved \$3,500, in one fortnight 3,000 various articles had been distributed, 2,015 hot dinners had been given free, Mr. Adkins had given 500 children a square meal. The membership of the mission, 25,000, includes French, Germans, Poles, Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, and Spaniards. There is a German "sister," and a French one is much needed. It is still true that never a Sunday passes without conversions. On New Year's Day there were forty. A sales-room has been added to the mission, where secondhand clothing is sold at a nominal price to poor people.

Mr. Montague Williams, writing in *Household Words*, says: "One of the vilest houses in Ratcliffe highway was the 'White Swan,' better known as 'Paddy's Goose.' Oddly enough, its site is now occupied by the Wesleyan Methodist Mission Hall. This excellent institution has done much for to purify the neighbourhood."

Another Central Town Mission has been established in Sunderland. Sans Street Chapel a few years ago was nearly deserted, with more than \$20,000 debt. It is now crowded at all the services. The Sunday night "socials" from nine to ten o'clock have proved a grand success.

There are 875 inmates in the Children's Home in London, 2,350

have been trained and sent out to situations, 3,225 have already been received into the home. Last year more than 1,000 were being cared for. The Home has seven shelters, three hospitals, six schools, three chapels, two mission halls, one convalescent home, three training farms, an emigration home, and twenty-seven houses filled with orphans or outcast children.

The treasurer of the Worn Out Ministers' Fund, has received from Rev. H. Price Hughes \$1,678 of profits from the *Methodist Times*, and \$9,443 from the publishers of the same journal, as their share of the profits. These are truly noble gifts.

Miss Wesley, granddaughter of Charles Wesley, has presented to Rev. Allan Rees the hymn-book used by the poet of Methodism, and another used by his wife. The first mentioned has six manuscript hymns not as yet published.

The Queen has made a gift of £15 towards a fund for the extinction of a debt on the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel at East Cowes.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Mallalieu has been holding conferences in Japan, Corea and China. While in Corea he baptized twenty women and girls at one service. In China he received a grand greeting. A large number of people travelled several miles and conducted him to Foo-Chow with a band, gongs, flags, banners and the firing of fire-crackers, while thousands crowded around him to hear him speak and preach; forty-six adults and fourteen children were baptized.

Bishop Newman was called to Portland, Oregon, where the Methodist Hospital was in danger of being sold. Twelve congregations assembled in one church. An appeal was made. A Jew, a Congregationalist, and a Presbyterian addressed the assembly, and each gave his cheque for \$100. The Bishop appealed and the people gave \$32,000. The property is worth \$75,000.

The first Italian M.E. Church in

the United States was recently dedicated at New Orleans.

A new Spanish church was organized in Brooklyn, Jan. 10. After being organized, the members were invited to a meeting of the Epworth League, where they sang "Rock of Ages" in Spanish and joined in an English hymn.

According to Dr. Crawford, Baltimore has 64 Methodists to 1,000 of the population; Pittsburgh, 37; Detroit, 20; Buffalo, 18; Brooklyn, 18; Cincinnati, 22; Chicago, 14; Washington, 43; Philadelphia, 33; Rochester, 24; Cleveland, 22, and New York, 10. Toronto has about 300 to the 1,000.

Dr. Harper, Chancellor of the Chicago University, says that he has found his best-trained men for the university among the graduates of Methodist colleges.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has begun a series of mid-day religious meetings in the Union Square Theatre, New York city.

During the past two years, the deaconesses in St. Louis have made 23,180 calls in the performance of their duties.

Some 300 Japanese have been converted recently under Methodist missionaries on the Pacific coast.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

During the past decade, according to the census, the growth of this Church was forty-seven per cent., the largest of any Church in the United States of equal numbers. That of the Methodist Episcopal Church was thirty per cent.

The Church South and the Methodist Church of Canada have each accepted an invitation to join in an International Epworth Convention at Cleveland next July.

Bishop C. P. Fitzgerald made the following pertinent remarks, at a conference, respecting tobacco. He discountenanced the use of tobacco by preachers for several reasons: On the score of economy, as an example to the big boys of the flock, to get out of the way of the ladies who despise spittoons and abhor the

fumes of a cigar, and last, but not least, to keep from offending the brethren who object to its use.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The president, Rev. J. Travis, will supply the pulpit of Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, Feb 19th.

Mr. Hartley, vice-president of conference, is an extensive manufacturer of preserves, and last year distributed \$5,000 of the profits of the establishment among his work people.

Mr. D. Marton, in writing to an English journal, says that he has observed that Primitives have more young men local preachers than the Wesleyans, the reason being that they set them to work early.

There has been much church enterprise recently manifested at Paisley, Scotland. A bazaar was held for a new church, when \$2,503 was raised.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. Sutherland, missionary secretary, after his missionary tour in the maritime provinces, went to New York and took part in the proceedings of the Missionary International Convention which was in session three days, during one of which he presided. Prof. MacLaren, J. Charlton, M.P., and Rev. R. P. Mackay, represented the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The *Missionary Outlook* for January contains several items of mission news. Miss Hart writes from Port Simpson respecting the evils arising from the conduct of white men who supply the natives with liquor.

The French Institute at Montreal was remembered at Christmas by several friends, who sent valuable presents of various kinds, including books, articles of furniture and money.

At Queen's Avenue, London, the ladies during the year raised \$600. Mrs. Dr. Eccles donated \$60 for the support of a Japanese Bible woman, and Mrs. Boyd gave \$20 for the same purpose. Another sent a cheque for \$25, but forbade the name to be published.

Revival intelligence, which is always acceptable, comes from Port Simpson. The Indian village has been graciously visited, and meetings of great power are held. The hospital has been opened and the prospect of good is very cheering.

By the time these notes are published, two young lady missionaries, Dr. Gifford and Miss Brackbill, will be on their way to join our heroic band in China. The farewell meeting, held in Carlton St. Church, Toronto, was one of deep interest. Miss Whitfield, one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries in Africa, thrilled the audience by her graphic tale of missionary toil in that dark country. Mrs. Gooderham, Dr. Sutherland, and Dr. Potts also addressed the meeting. Rev. Jas. Henderson presided. The audience, led by the choir, sung the piece, "God be with you till we meet again."

The sum of \$9,000 has been subscribed by the churches of Canada towards rebuilding the college, home, etc., at St. John's, Newfoundland.

While these notes are being prepared for the press, the friends of Mount Allison College are celebrating the semi-centennial of that institution. We trust that the result will be equal to the most sanguine expectations of the friends.

The Methodists of Picton, Ont., have celebrated the centenary of Methodism in that town. Such services deserve to be held at all places when jubilee and centenary scenes are in order.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Geo. Beale, an aged minister in the Primitive Methodist Church, died Jan. 2nd, aged seventy-seven. For seventeen years he sustained a superannuated relation, but during those years he laboured much among the sick and assisted the circuit ministers.

Rev. Thomas White Ridley, of the Methodist New Connexion, recently died in the eightieth year of his age. For many years he was a prominent member of Conference. He was in the active work forty-four years.

Rev. E. A. Telfer, of the Wesleyan Conference, England, so well known and loved by many in Canada, after two days' illness died at his residence near London, on the 11th of January. He attended the watch-night and covenant services, and contracted a cold which was not thought dangerous, but ended in congestion of the lungs and terminated fatally. Mr. Telfer was seventy years of age and had been in the ministry since 1848. He was stationed on many important circuits both in the metropolis and provinces. He was famed as a revivalist and often preached in the open air. His labours were greatly owned of God in the conversion of sinners, many of whom are earnest workers in Canada, and will share the sorrow that came so suddenly to his beloved wife and son.

Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, D.D., Presbyterian, Scotland, has finished his course and entered the joy of his Lord. He was in the ministry more than half a century, and celebrated his jubilee in 1887, in his eighty-third year. He was moderator of the Free Church Assembly one term, and was one of a deputation to visit the Holy Land with the sainted Mr. Cheyne. During the tour in Palestine he accidentally dropped his Bible into Jacob's Well, but some years ago it was drawn out by a Samaritan and sent home to its owner. The book was henceforth regarded as a precious relic, and it is to be kept in John Knox's house in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Dr. W. F. Warren, wife of the president of Boston University, departed this life a few days ago. For twenty-three years she edited the *Heathen Woman's Friend*. She was a lady of high culture and was indefatigable in her efforts on behalf of missions.

Bishop Brooks, of Boston, died Jan. 23rd. Few clergymen, either in America or England, were more revered. The church in Boston where for many years he was rector

was always crowded. During the winter months he generally preached three times every Sabbath, and during the week he was abundant in labours. Dean Stanley and Canon Farrar, of London, were his special friends.

Rev. D. E. F. Gee, Newcastle, Bay of Quinte Conference, preached Jan. 26, was taken ill and died Feb. 6. He had travelled twenty-eight years, during which time he occupied some important circuits. Bro. Gee was an able preacher. Our departed brother was a man of blameless reputation and leaves to his family a character without reproach. He was to have been one of the speakers at West Durham Sunday-school Association, but was called to a higher sphere.

Rev. A. Drummond, Presbyterian, Newcastle, was a venerable man who had served the Master faithfully for many years. The writer spent many pleasant seasons with him in ministerial and other associations. We always found him to be full of kindness and ever ready to help his brethren. He loved the "old paths," and was a sound theologian. For a succession of years he was clerk of the Presbytery, a clear proof of the esteem in which he was held.

As these notes are in course of preparation, the news has reached us of the death of Mr. W. P. Wright, Pickering. For three years he was a missionary in Japan in connection with the Friends, but ill-health compelled his return. He always spoke in kindly terms of our missionaries in Japan, and hoped soon to return to his beloved work, but the Master has called him home. We are reminded of the saying, "God buries His workmen but carries on His work."

An inadvertence.—Some time ago it was stated that Rev. Dr. Baume, of Calcutta, was dead. Dr. Baume still lives near Chicago, but his long residence in India has greatly impaired his health.

Book Notices.

Bernard of Clairvaux, the Times, the Man, and His Work: an Historical Study in Eight Lectures. By RICHARD S. STORRS. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp., xiv.-598.

The world has come to a juster appreciation of what it owes to the great Catholic saints of Christendom—to the gentle St. Francis, to the seraphic Saint Teresa, to the missionary zeal of Xavier, to the noble hymns of Bernard of Clugni, to the lofty faith and fervent piety of Bernard of Clairvaux. These lectures, prepared by the eloquent pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, for delivery before the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Princeton, on the life and work of the mediæval monk of Clairvaux, are a striking illustration of this wider spiritual comprehension.

Dr. Storrs is at his best in a work of this character. His scholarly research, his spiritual insight, his historic imagination, his broad sympathy, his eloquence of expression, all find here ample scope. He treats the subject in eight lectures. The first describes the tenth century, its supreme depression and fear, and the second, the eleventh century, its reviving life and promise.

Towards the close of the tenth century, the long night of the dark ages reached its densest gloom. The year 1000 was regarded in popular apprehension as the date of the end of time and of the final conflagration of the world. This is illustrated in the sublime hymn:

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla."

The excited imagination of mankind, brooding upon the approaching terrors of the last day, found expression in the sombre character of the art of the period. The tender grace of the good shepherd of early

art gave place to the stern, inexorable judge, "the Rex tremendæ majestatis," blasting the wicked with a glance and treading down the nations in his fury.

The depths of mediæval darkness are strongly portrayed in these pages. "As when in the smitten river of Egypt the fish died in the bloody waves, and frogs came from it into houses and bed-chambers, so from Rome, whose mission had been to Christianize the continent, all spiritual plagues came swarming forth. Yet there must have been those who faced the expected end without fear and who saw the rainbow liken unto an emerald round about the throne, which was soon to appear."

"When that frightful time had past," to use the words of Dr. Storrs, "when the fetters of an awful fear had fallen with it, Christianity began again to show itself a power to renew and re-enforce. So from this time on we trace a new impulse moving amid the sluggish centuries."

One of the mightiest elements in that impulse was the abbot of Clairvaux, "one of the saintliest and most heroic figures on the canvas of European history." "We ought, certainly," says Dr. Storrs, "to be better and nobler persons for the hours we spend with Saint Bernard. He will say to us as he said of old, in cloister and chapel to those who eagerly flocked around him, leaving all things otherwise precious for nearness to him: 'If thou writest, nothing therein has savour to me unless I read Jesus in it. If thou discourseth and converseth, nothing is therein agreeable to me unless Jesus resounds. Jesus is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, a song of jubilee in the heart.'"

To most Protestant readers, Bernard of Clairvaux is best remembered by his noble hymn:

"O sacred head, now wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down."

Another of his hymns is also familiar :

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest."

But he had wider claims for the lasting reverence of mankind. As an eloquent preacher, a later chrysostom, he confronted kings with a message from the King of kings, and was for his time a great statesman, and a great social reformer and organizer. The following is Dr. Storrs' summary of his character :

"In times of tumult and peril he followed those of the earlier day, who, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, in weakness was made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Taking him for all in all, he stands before us, I am sure, by no means the supreme philosopher of his time, or its most untiring acquisitive scholar, but as noble an example as that time offers, or any time, of the power which intensity of spiritual force imparts to speech; of the power of that speech, as thus vitalized and glorified, to control and exalt the souls of men. I think of him in his physical frailty and his tender humility, refusing office, and spurning all enticements of station, yet confronting kings, cardinals, and popes, ruling and inspiring vast assemblies, raising armies, subduing rebellious minds and wills, sweeping in fact the nations before him with his impetuous and passionate discourse, over which brooded eternal shadows, through which streamed celestial lights, and which shot to its purpose from a soul full charged with heroic energy—and I see, and I say, that the noblest opportunity God gives to men is that of testifying, with lips which He Himself has touched, to the glory of His character, to the majestic grace of His plans, to the work which men of a consecrated spirit may do for Him in the world!"

Criminology. By ARTHUR MACDONALD. Large 12mo, cloth, 416 pp., with Bibliography of Crime, etc., \$2.00. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

It is a sad comment on our modern

civilization that criminology has become an elaborate science, and yet it is to the credit of humanity that criminals are being treated, not with a fierce avengefulness, but in the effort to reform and restore. This is not a dry-as-dust treatise of prisons and reformatories, but it is a philosophical study of the criminal type, of the evolution of crime, its criminal and psychological side, criminal contagion, and hypnotism, recidivation, etc. The book is an important contribution towards the science of crime and criminals.

Heretofore, the works upon this branch of science have been in the main such as only students would appreciate; but, while we have in this work a scholarly treatment of the subject, as the result of years of expert study and research, we have also a popular treatment by which the subject is brought within the comprehension of those who are not specialists. Dr. MacDonald's, we judge, will take rank as the text book in the English language on criminology. His plans included special visits to the principal prisons and charitable institutions in England, Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, and America. He passed two entire summers with criminals in the best institutions at Rochester, Elmira, Auburn, and at other points. He was locked in cells with criminals in order to become more fully learned concerning them.

The main work closes with some general practicable conclusions, which are worthy of close attention. An extensive Bibliography of crime, of the best books and articles, in the several languages, follow.

Memorial Remains of the Rev. Murray McCheyne, Minister of St. Peter's Church, Dundee. By REV. ANDREW BONAR, D.D. Edinburgh: Anderson, Oliphant & Ferrier. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. New ed. Pp., 648. Illustrated.

For two generations the name of McCheyne has been the synonym of saintly consecration and of seraphic zeal. Of him, as of another saint of God, it may be said, "He was a burning and a shining light." Like

the pious Rutherford of an earlier generation, he is enshrined forever in the hearts of those who knew the man, as one of the noblest incarnations of Christian manhood that the world has ever seen.

In a life three years less than that of the Lord whom he loved and served, he accomplished great good and left a sacred influence that is fragrant in the world to-day. Dr. Bonar gives an account of McCheyne's interesting mission to Palestine and the Jews, but leaves him to tell his own story in the interesting letters and extracts from his journals which are given. We can easily imagine the intensity of spiritual interest with which he visited the place made sacred evermore by the life and labours of our Lord. Although fifty years have passed since then, yet, in the sweet hymns which he wrote "by cool Siloam's shady rill," and "by the deep blue waves of Galilee," we seem to feel the spell of his spirit breathing in the place to-day. A selection of his poetical writings are given with portraits and fac-simile of his writing. His biographer has recently passed the veil and joined the choir invisible. This volume contains, as Milton says, "the quintessence of a noble spirit." It is a remarkably cheap book for its size and excellence.

Bible Lands Illustrated. A complete handbook of antiquities and modern life of all the sacred countries. By HENRY C. FISH, D.D. Octavo, full gilt, pp. 920. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an exceedingly well written and useful book. It has several marked features of value. First, its comprehensiveness, embracing Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Persia, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and other lands of Bible incident and story. It is also very copiously illustrated, having 600 engravings and maps, 1,000 elucidated Scripture texts, and 2,000 indexed subjects. Some of the engravings, however,

while fairly illustrating the subject, do not possess the artistic merit a book of this sort should have. It is not a mere book of travel, although it is the result of wide journeying and close study of the sacred sites and scenes. It furnishes recent identifications and other results of explorations of Bible lands, and it focuses upon the sacred page a world of information derived from many sources. For Sunday-school teachers and preachers, it will be a very valuable help for the study and comprehension of the Word of God. The classified indices of the subjects and texts are very complete.

Annals of the Disruption of 1843, with Extracts from the Narratives of the Ministers who left the Scottish Establishment. By REV. THOMAS BROWN, D.D., F.R.S.C. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp., 841.

This volume gives a full and graphic account of one of the most important religious movements of modern times. Seldom has such an act of self-sacrifice been exhibited as that of the five hundred Presbyterian ministers, who, at the command of conscience, abandoned their churches and manses, and like Abraham, went forth, not knowing whither they went. It is a tale of lofty heroism and of noble trust in God.

This story of the origin of a great Church is well told, and admirable illustrations are given of the procession down the high street, of the signing of the deed of demission and of the first assembly; "leaving the manse," and many other touching incidents. Excellent portraits are also given of Chalmers, Dr. Cunningham, Hugh Miller, and other actors in this great drama. Our friend, Rev. Professor Wallace, of Victoria College, himself a son of the manse and son of one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland in this land, has kindly promised to prepare for this magazine an article discussing this important movement.

